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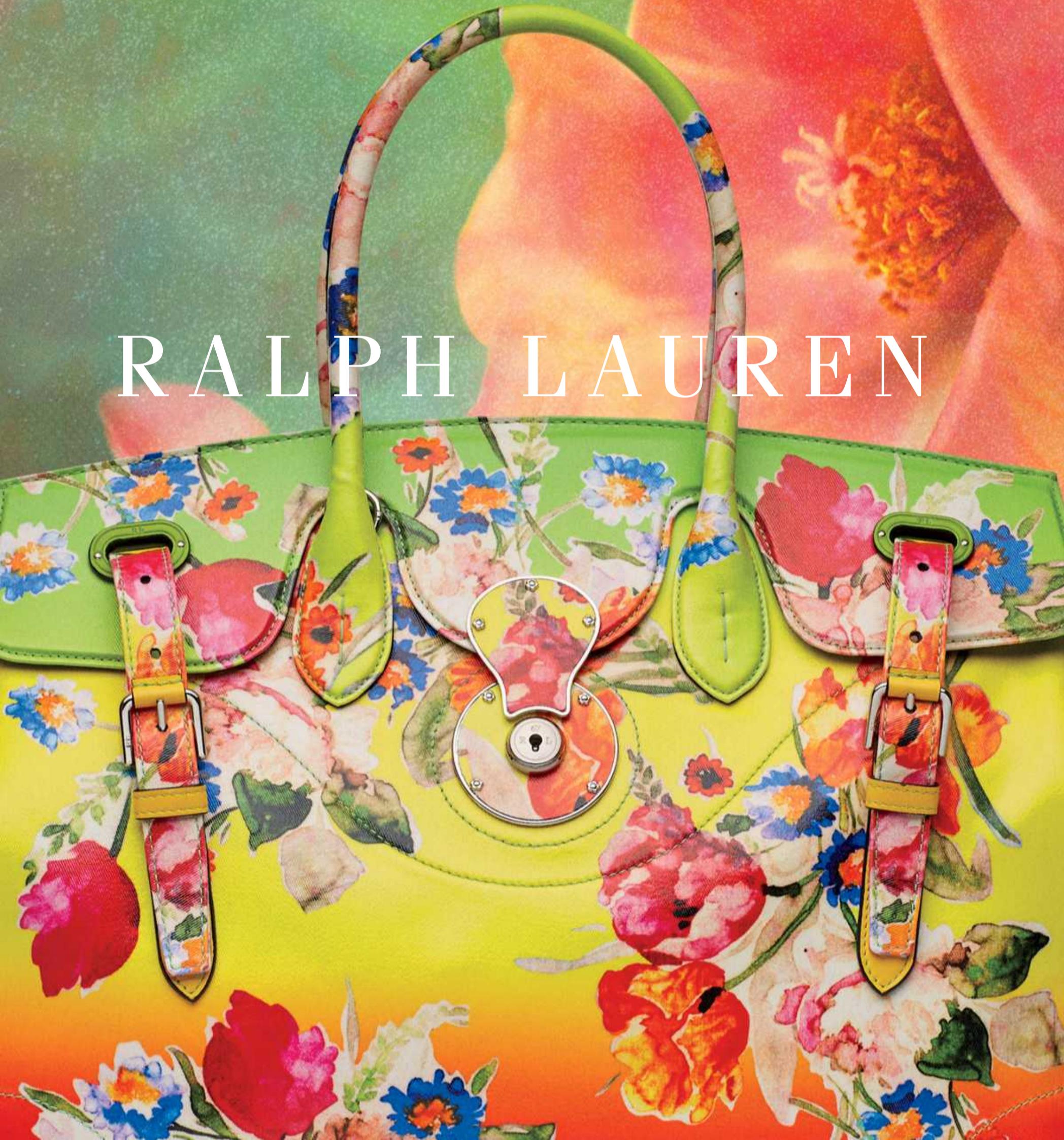
DIOR

A vibrant, abstract painting of tropical foliage. The composition is filled with large, overlapping leaves in shades of yellow, orange, green, and blue. The brushwork is visible and expressive, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is a lush, tropical atmosphere.

RALPH LAUREN



RALPH LAUREN







GUCCI



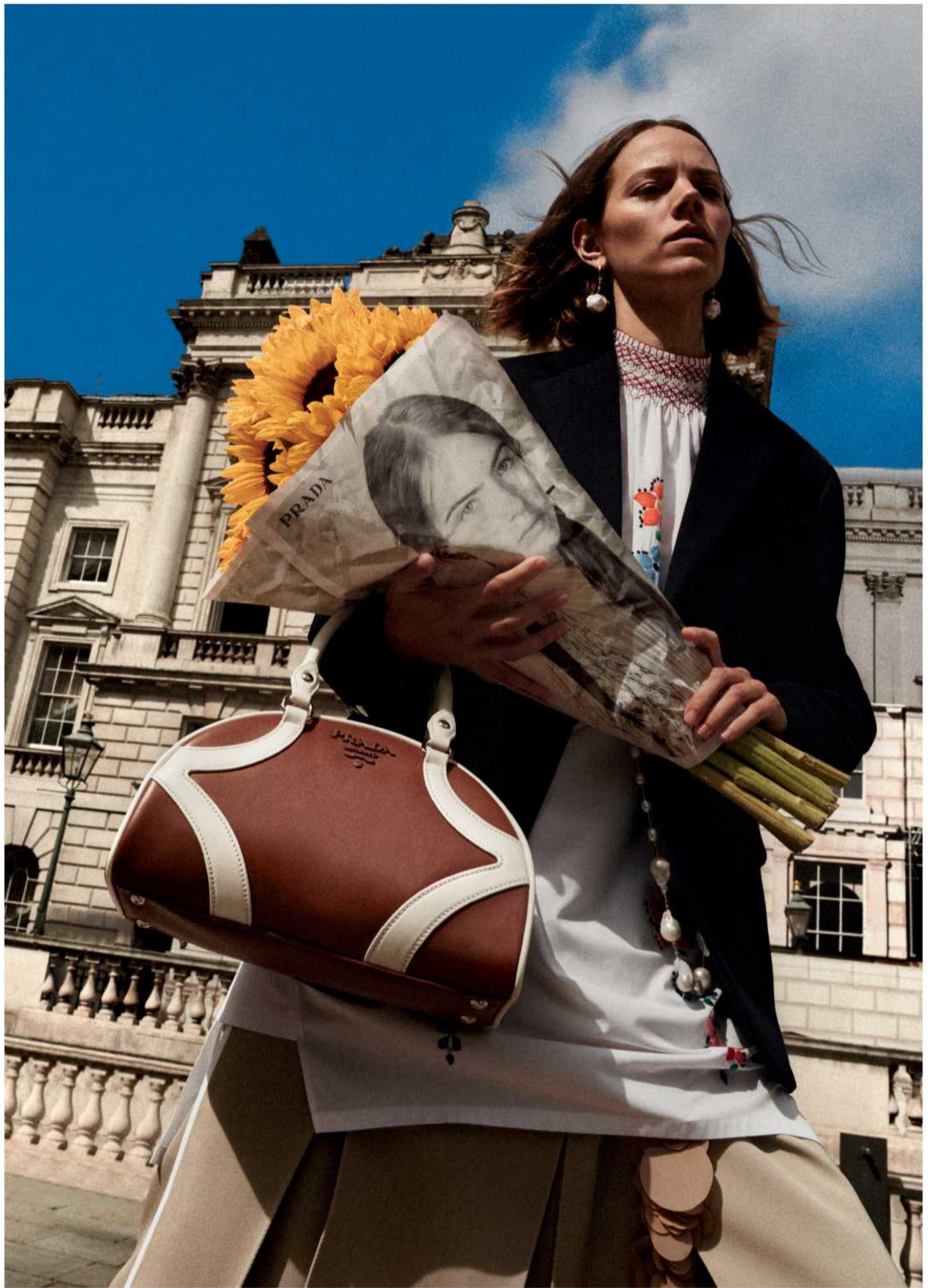




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Sì
passione

GIORGIO ARMANI

Sì
passione

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A woman with short, dark hair is leaning against a solid red background. She is wearing a sleeveless, sequined red dress. Her right hand is resting on her chest, with her fingers spread. She has a tattoo on her left forearm. The text 'Si' is written in large, white, cursive letters across the center of the image, with a small white ribbon-like shape at the bottom left of the 'i'. Below 'Si', the word 'passione' is written in a smaller, white, cursive font.

Si
passione

GIORGIO ARMANI



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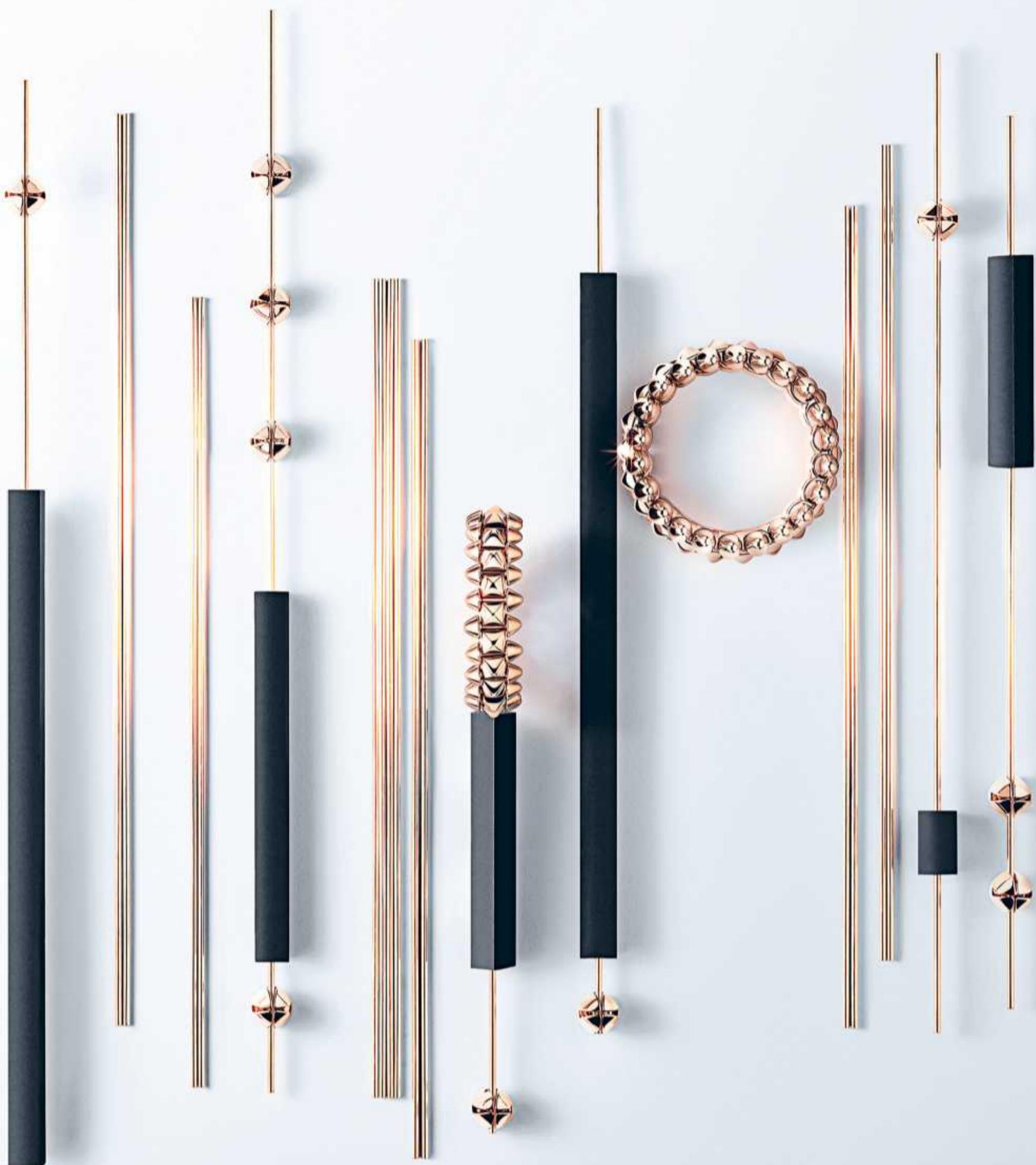




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SARAH SNYDER, LILA MOSS / PARIS, FRANCE
JUNE 29 2019
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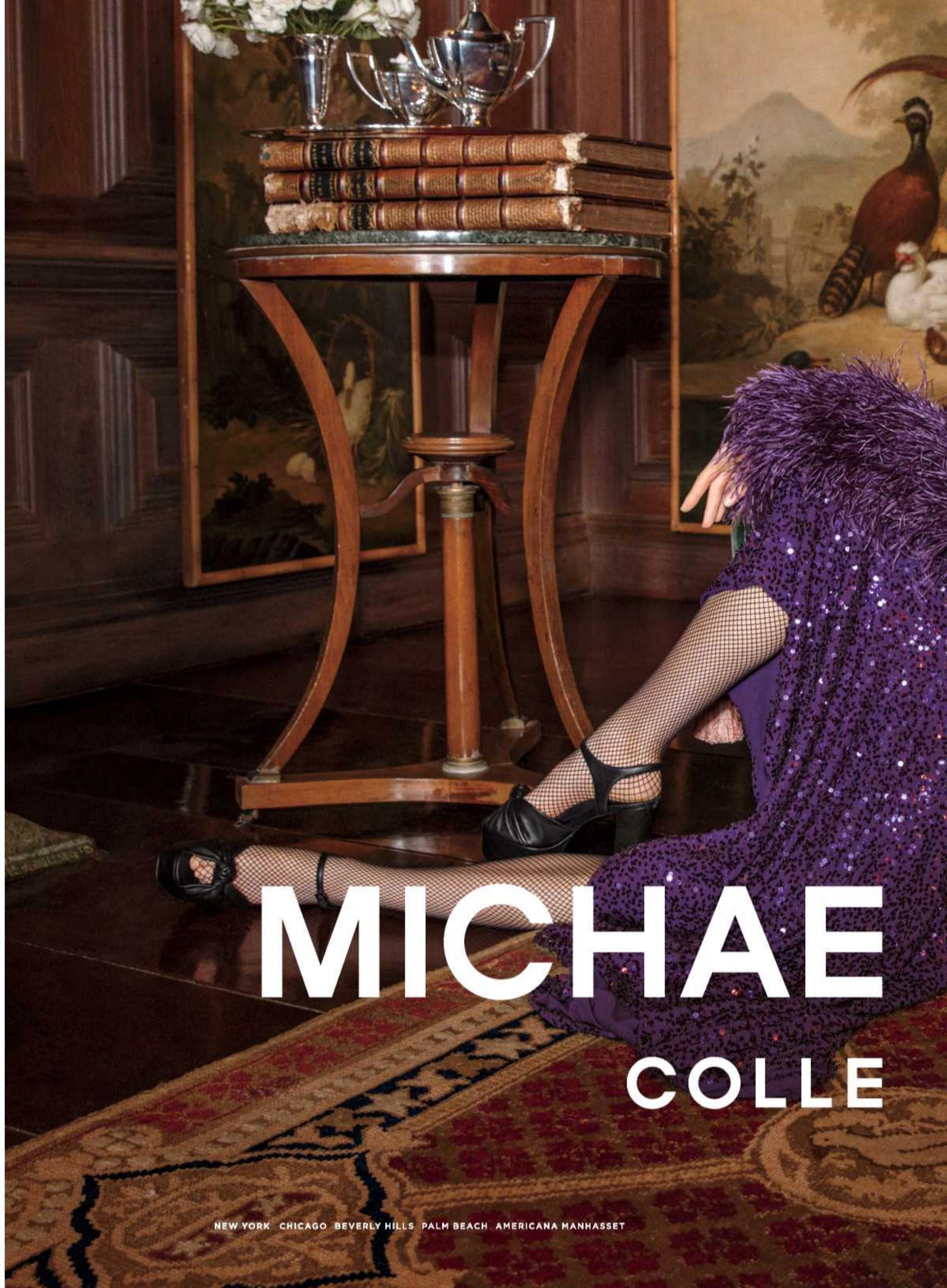


A scenic view of a medieval castle on a hill overlooking a coastal town and the sea. The castle's stone walls and towers are in the foreground, with a town and sea visible in the distance under a clear blue sky.

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VOGUE

December 2019



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PERFECTLY NATURAL
MODEL IMAAN HAMMAM WEARS AN OSCAR DE LA RENTA DRESS, GOLDIE TOP, MARNI SLIDES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZOË GHERTNER.



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VOGUE

December 2019



PLOT DEVICE

THE MANICURED SOUTH GARDEN AT BADMINTON HOUSE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON UPTON.

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Side Story for its new Broadway run. He's reinvented it. By Adam Green

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kinetic art by accessorizing long, slim silhouettes with a bevy of backpacks fit to wear here, there, and everywhere

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Last Look

Cover Look Funny Lady

Phoebe Waller-Bridge wears a Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello dress. Dries Van Noten ring. Nikos Koulis bracelet. To get this look, try: Even Better Makeup Foundation in WN 16 Buff, Beyond Perfecting Foundation + Concealer CN 10 Alabaster, Stay-Matte Sheer Pressed Powder in Invisible Matte, Brow Keeper in Warm Brown, High Impact Mascara in Black/Brown, and Even Better Pop Lip Colour Foundation in 03 Romanced. All by Clinique. Hair, Orlando Pita; makeup, Aaron de Mey. Details, see In This Issue. **Photographed by Ethan James Green. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.**



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FACE FORWARD

Legendary photographer Annie Leibovitz has embarked on a series of portraits of individuals whose passion and commitment are changing the landscape of our time. Shot exclusively on Google Pixel, the pictures portray extraordinary people who are defined by their fierce desire to make the world a better place, no matter how daunting the obstacles.

To see more of Annie's portraits, visit g.co/pixel/annie.

Use Google Lens to unlock immersive behind-the-scenes content from this shoot. 



SARAH ZORN, ARMY OFFICER
Photographed on Google Pixel by Annie Leibovitz

Sarah Zorn wore the same pair of boots for four years when she was at The Citadel, the notoriously tough and historically male Military College of South Carolina. The school was founded in 1842. The first woman was admitted in 1995, after a court order. Sarah became the first female regimental commander—the top cadet—in The Citadel's history.

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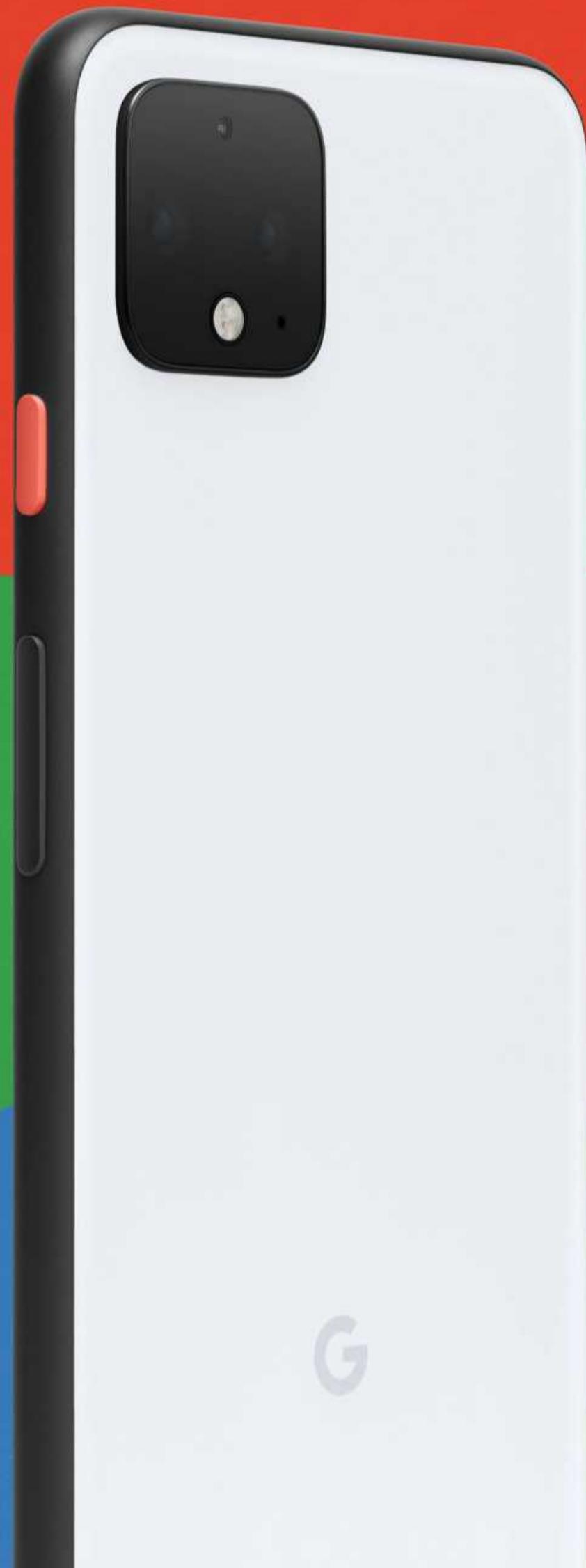


BOBBI JEAN THREE LEGS, WATER PROTECTOR
Photographed on Google Pixel by Annie Leibovitz

Part of a new generation of young Native American activists, Bobbi Jean, a Lakota Sioux, led a 2,000-mile run from the Standing Rock Sioux Reservation to Washington, D.C. The runners delivered a petition to the U.S. Government to protest the Dakota Access Pipeline's threat to their water supply and to the tribe's sacred grounds.

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The Photographer's Phone



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Letter from the Editor



HAPPY DAYS

LEFT: PHOEBE WALLER-BRIDGE, PHOTOGRAPHED IN CENTRAL PARK BY LAUREN COLLINS. ABOVE: WITH HER BOYFRIEND, THE PLAYWRIGHT MARTIN McDONAGH, AFTER THE 2019 EMMY AWARDS.

show in a tiny downtown theater, I was struck by how, despite her gorgeous, lofty Britishness, she connected with so many women in the audience, which that night included Secretary Clinton—much in the same way that Lena Dunham, before her, emerged as an unlikely (and, yes, sometimes divisive) champion of female experience and empowerment.

Phoebe herself is now part of so many cultural touchstones—reimagining aspects of the new James Bond film, challenging male-dominated TV production—and she works and lives with both a fierce discipline (she was eager to row in Central Park with writer Lauren Collins, who profiles her for us) and a huge appetite for life. The photo of Phoebe kicking back after her Emmys triumph, glass in hand, seemed nothing

less than a license for us all to just relish our lives and have fun. (I am sure she laughed when she saw that, mere days later, the image of her head had been replaced with that of Nancy Pelosi for a canny political meme.)

Events like the Emmys and the Theatre Awards have made Phoebe something of a red-carpet fixture. Tonne Goodman, who styled her for this issue, working with the terrific young photographer Ethan James Green, gave her a crash course in modeling. She was game for wearing the cobalt-blue Balenciaga ball dress that came with its own white-gloved handlers, and was a quick study when Tonne showed her how to do what she called the “couture curve” pose—stomach held in, leg out, hand placed just so to get the correct jut of hip and roll of shoulder—while in Saint Laurent for the cover shot. Phoebe took it all in good-humored stride and, true to form, was exacting about getting it right, going back on set of her own volition to make sure it was perfect. After such a long day, anyone else might have headed off to bed. Phoebe, instead, went to see both *Freestyle Love Supreme* and a Florence + the Machine performance. You see: There’s really nothing she can’t do.

LEFT: COURTESY OF LAUREN COLLINS. RIGHT: TODD WILLIAMSON/JANUARYIMAGES/SHUTTERSTOCK.

The Year of Phoebe

IF TRUTH BE TOLD, our December cover, starring the brilliant Phoebe Waller-Bridge, started with Sienna Miller. A few years ago I asked Sienna if she had any idea who could host the Evening Standard Theatre Awards in London. It's an event I am deeply passionate about, not just because I love the theater but, more important, because my father edited the newspaper while I was growing up. We'd had a terrific run of male comedians—James Corden, Steve Coogan—taking the honor, but it felt like it was the right time to hand things over to a woman. Sienna suggested I ask Phoebe; I did, and she did an incredible job. (This year it will be Cush Jumbo taking up the mantle.)

Phoebe, of course, has gone on to make Emmy-winning, Amazon-dealmaking, killing-it-with-*Killing Eve*, zeitgeist-defining history.

If we're looking for a smart, hilarious, and searingly (sometimes scathingly) honest heroine for the moment we find ourselves in, there is surely no one better than Phoebe. Her creation of *Fleabag* alone secures her that honor. The show has become a cultural juggernaut because it—or, perhaps more pertinent, because she—spoke with a raw candor about the messiness of our relationships not only with our partners and families but, most of all, with ourselves. It wasn't always comfortable viewing, but that was the whole point. When I went to see Phoebe perform *Fleabag* in New York a few months back at a sold-out

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“We Will Never Stop”

Before she ran for U.S. Congress, Lucy McBath was a grieving mom. Now she's one of Washington's most relentless advocates for gun reform.

Rebecca Johnson reports. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

Nobody expected Lucy McBath to win. “When I told people I wanted to run for Congress, they’d laugh or pat me on the arm and say, ‘Oh, isn’t that nice?’ ” she says, leaning over and touching my arm with her perfectly manicured nails to make her point. To be fair, they had reason to be skeptical. McBath, 59, was a black woman running in a majority white suburb outside Atlanta—a Democrat trying to win a seat that Newt Gingrich had held for 20 years. She’d spent her professional life as a flight attendant and had never once campaigned for anything.

But in a country where gun violence claims nearly 40,000 lives a year, voters—especially mothers—found themselves listening to her.

“I just told them my story, and that was enough,” she explains. “Because people are afraid. It’s not just black people. It’s everyone. People are afraid.”

UP FRONT > 80

STRONGER TOGETHER

REPRESENTATIVE MCBATH (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WITH MEMBERS OF MOMS DEMAND ACTION: JULVONNIA McDOWELL, STEPHANIE PIZZOFERRATO, SHARMAINE BROWN, AND MARGARET BINKLEY. SITTINGS EDITOR: CHLOE MALLE.

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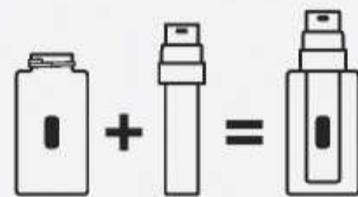
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UpFront Taking a Stand

to go to the mall. Mothers are afraid to send their kids to school. Too many people are dying, and it has to stop.”

Her story begins on Black Friday, the day after Thanksgiving, 2012. McBath had spent the holiday with friends in Chicago while her son, Jordan, 17, was with his father in Jacksonville, Florida. Lucy and Ron had divorced when the boy was four, but both had worked hard over the years to share parenting.

Growing up, Jordan was a spirited child with energy to burn, and McBath fretted over the way his teachers disciplined him (more sternly, she thought, than his white classmates). By fourth grade, she’d decided to homeschool him—which she did for five years, an experience she calls the most gratifying of her life. In pictures, Jordan is strikingly good-looking, with a big smile and protruding ears that keep him from being too handsome. Friends came easily to him. When he stopped homeschooling and began attending the local high school, McBath had to buy an SUV just so she could fit all his buddies in the back.

On that Friday evening, Jordan and three friends pulled up to a gas station. Jacksonville has a high homicide rate, but the area they were in was not considered dangerous. One of the boys went in to buy a pack of cigarettes and gum. A favorite song, “Beef” featuring the rapper Lil Reese, began to play on the radio. Someone turned the volume up.

A black Volkswagen Jetta pulled in next to them. The female passenger went inside for a bottle of wine and some chips, and the driver, Michael Dunn, a 45-year-old white software developer who had just attended his son’s wedding, rolled down his window and told the boys to turn the music down. He could not hear himself think, he said. One of the boys complied, but Jordan objected, and the volume went back up.

Words were exchanged. Without warning, Dunn leaned over to his glove compartment, took out a 9mm semiautomatic pistol, and shot into the car. In a panic, the boys tried to pull away but Dunn opened his door and continued to shoot—10 bullets in all. Jordan was the only one hit. Three bullets ended up in his body, two in his legs, while one passed through his lungs before fatally piercing his aorta.

Jordan’s death, only a few months after that of another unarmed 17-year-old, Trayvon Martin’s, became known as “the loud-music killing.” Like Martin’s killer, Dunn would also try to argue that he should be protected by Florida’s stand-your-ground law, which absolves killers who can show they feared for their life. Dunn claimed to have seen a gun “or maybe a pipe” in the car. No weapon was ever found.

The first trial ended with a jury deadlocked on a first-degree-murder count, the second with a conviction, and a life sentence for Dunn—and McBath and her

ex-husband faithfully attended court every day. During that time, McBath, a deeply religious woman who had named her son after the river Jordan in the Bible, found herself questioning her faith. Hadn’t she done everything right? Why was God punishing her? “After Jordan died,” she says, “I had to ask myself, ‘Am I going to die, too? Or am I going to go out there and make a difference?’”

In September 2013 McBath met Shannon Watts, who founded the grassroots group Moms Demand Action for Gun Sense in America in the wake of the Sandy Hook shooting. Watts remembers being bowled over by McBath. “She has incredible charisma,” Watts says. “It’s a mixture of warmth, kindness, and power.” She also brought a much-needed perspective to Watts’s burgeoning group. As the journalist Jelani Cobb, who has written about McBath’s career, says, “The most prominent white people in the gun conversation tend to be parents of survivors of mass shootings; for African Americans, it’s about handgun violence and shootings by the police. Because of who she is, Lucy bridges that gap.”

In person, McBath is elegant and poised. She takes care with her appearance, her makeup and jewelry, but she isn’t fussy. At one point, we were standing in the sun in 94-degree heat, and though she would have been more comfortable in the knit camisole beneath her sweater, she never took it off. There’s a correctness to her bearing and a natural gravitas, too: During her years as a flight attendant for Delta Airlines, she was always a

leader of her crew. Her father, a dentist and the president of the NAACP chapter in Illinois, was disappointed in her choice of career (he’d hoped she would be a lawyer), but McBath loved the travel. And working with the public was perfect training for the job she has now. “You deal with people from every walk of life,” she says. “You have to learn to size them up quickly and figure out what they want. You have to listen to their fears, their doubts; you try to make them happy, but sometimes you have to say no.”

As Watts’s group gained prominence and considerable funding from billionaire Michael Bloomberg, McBath left the airline to work for Bloomberg’s umbrella organization, Everytown for Gun Safety, full-time. “Every conversation I had with her would end with me asking, ‘When are you going to run for public office?’” Watts recalls. “I’d been thinking state senate,” she adds with a laugh. “But then the shooting happened at Marjory Stoneman Douglas, and we all realized she had to go bigger.” In the end, Everytown for Gun Safety spent more than \$4 million on McBath’s congressional campaign. Her race was close—McBath would win the district by a few thousand votes—and Watts wasn’t always sure of the outcome. But when she

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“With this job, it never ends. But you have to do it because what you do is going to impact people’s lives. Not just in my district but all over the country”



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UpFront Taking a Stand

FACES IN THE CROWD

IN SEPTEMBER, STUDENTS DISPLAYED IMAGES OF VICTIMS AT A GUN-VIOLENCE RALLY IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

tried to start a conversation about what McBath might do after the election, the candidate seemed perplexed: "What do you mean? I am going to Washington."

Once there, she hit the ground running—helping to pass a bipartisan bill on background checks right away. "With this job, it never ends," she says. "I go home at night and I start my reading for the next day. Your brain is always working. But you have to do it because what you do is going to impact people's lives. Not just in my district but all over the country." As an example of how overwhelming her life has become, McBath gestures to her hair, which she used to spend hours at the salon getting straightened. These days, it falls in long, natural waves. "I had to let it go," she explains with a touch of regret. "I just didn't have the time."

On the day I visit McBath in D.C., an anti-gun violence rally is taking place on the West Lawn of the Capitol. All the stars in the Democratic firmament are there—House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, Congressman John Lewis (his district is right next to McBath's), Senator Dick Durbin. As McBath makes her way through the crowd, a preacher from Flatbush, Brooklyn, envelops her in a hug and asks for a selfie. Just a year earlier, she'd addressed a summit he'd helped organize on reducing gun violence. I ask if he's surprised that she had been elected to Congress. "Not at all," he says. "She has a uniquely American story, one where she has taken her pain and risen to the highest level. She has every right to be bitter, but she's not. Everything she's done has been from love."

After the rally, McBath, a dozen other survivors of gun violence, and a handful of activists and politicians, including Lewis, make their way through the labyrinthine tunnels under Capitol Hill to the offices of Senator Mitch McConnell. They explain to a young staffer that they are there to urge the senator to bring H.R. 8, the background-check bill McBath helped pass in January, to the Senate floor for a vote. McConnell has so far refused to introduce the bill.



Senator McConnell's legislative counsel, Tiffany Ge, invites them into a conference room, and for the next 80 minutes, pain and frustration roll through the room like a cloud of thunder. A Chicago mother speaks about losing two of her children to random shootings; a survivor of the Las Vegas mass shooting describes the whoosh of a bullet passing through her hair; another survivor describes his dismay when his daughter was taught how to survive a shooting in kindergarten. "Nothing has changed," he cries out. After every story, Ge repeats the same phrase. "Thank you for sharing your story."

Finally, McBath can't take it anymore. "We are asking you to let the government work the way it should! It's not a democracy if you won't even bring it to the Senate for a vote. That's not the rule of law. It's the American people who decide law, and they are pressing us. I know this sounds harsh, but the blood of every person who gets shot is going to be on his hands."

A few minutes after the meeting breaks up, McBath and I pass McConnell himself in the Rotunda of the U.S. Capitol, a room with an 180-foot ceiling, a massive fresco, and sandstone floors—a room designed to remind you that government is big, individuals small.

"Senator McConnell," she says, stopping him to introduce herself. "We were just in your office with a group of survivors urging you to bring H.R. 8 to a vote."

"Thank you, thank you for your visit," he answers politely.

After he moves on, I tell McBath it was gutsy of her to stop him like that. "He needs to know that we'll be back," she responds. "We will never stop." □



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Make It Reign

As a young Prince Charles, Josh O'Connor is the latest jewel in *The Crown*.



TALENT Moments before I am due to meet Josh O'Connor, the skies over North London open with such vengeance that we have no choice but to begin our interview sheltering in his car. If the 29-year-old actor finds this awkward, he doesn't show it. "Let's sit here until it calms down," he suggests cheerfully as he tries (and for several minutes fails) to parallel park, then roots around for a spare umbrella to lend me.

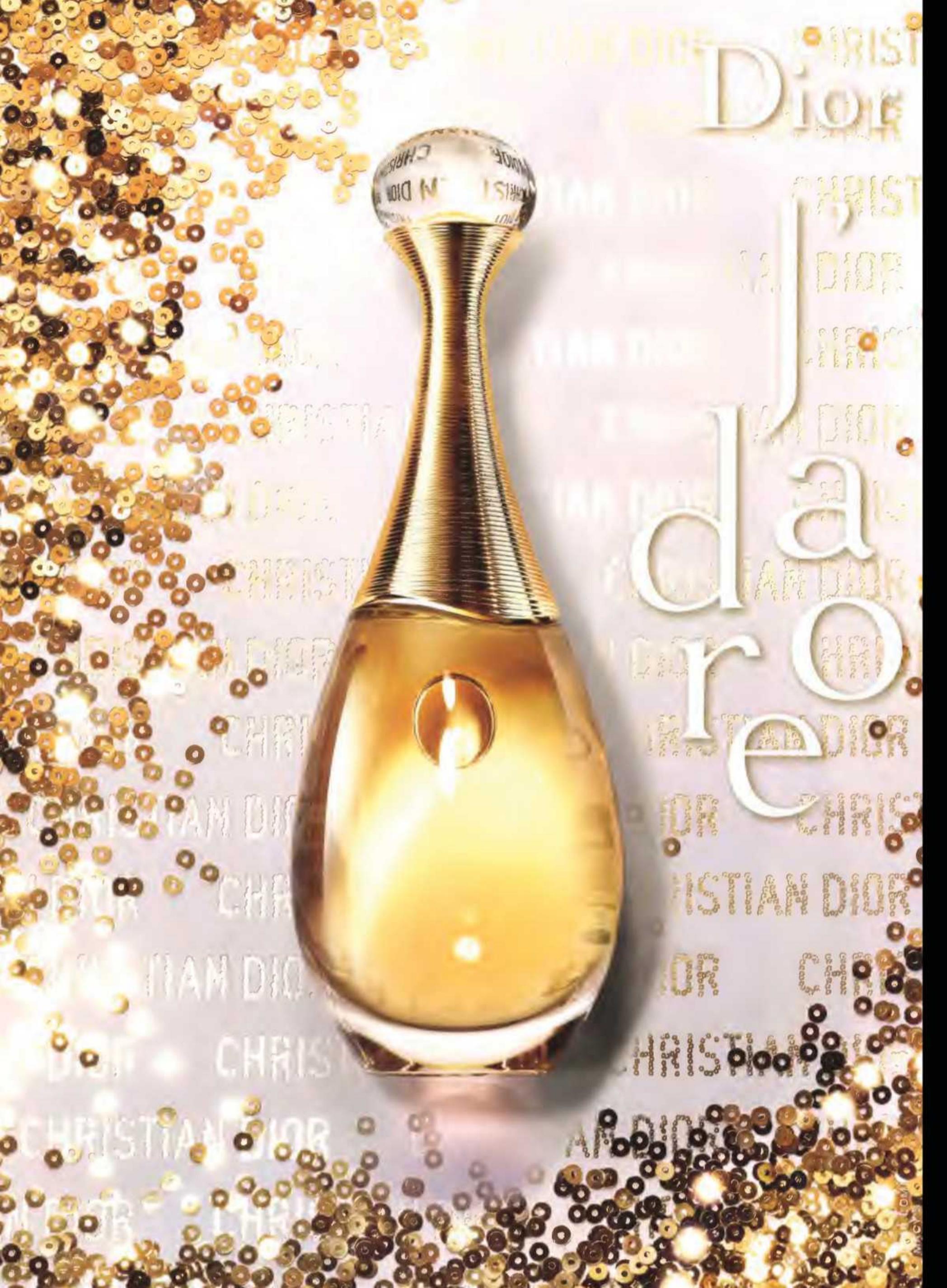
During a break in the rain, we make a dash for the nearest pub. O'Connor is dressed for the weather in a green Loewe parka (his slightly gawky, oversize good looks have made him the face of the brand's menswear line), which he's paired with department-store pants borrowed from his grandma. The untraditional wardrobe choice feels appropriate coming from an actor who describes the "fickleness of masculinity" as the unifying thread running through his otherwise eclectic CV.

O'Connor grew up in the spa town of Cheltenham, surrounded by an extended family of artists and writers. "I have no memory of feeling strong and rugged at any point," he says. "I've been considering masculinity my whole life." Since graduating from the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School in 2011, he's found increasingly high-profile roles through which to further that investigation. His first big-box-office appearance was in *The Riot Club* (2014), a film about the violent and misogynistic culture of an all-male drinking society. For four seasons on *The Durrells in Corfu* he played a pompous writer obsessed with the trappings of

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SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

O'CONNOR IS ALSO SET TO APPEAR IN A NEW ADAPTATION OF JANE AUSTEN'S *EMMA*. MARGARET HOWELL SWEATER. ALBAM JEANS. HAIR, HIROSHI MATSUSHITA; GROOMING, MIRJANA VASOVIC. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY OLIVIA ARTHUR. FASHION EDITOR: MOLLY HAYLOR.



LIFT TO DISCOVER
J'ADORE ABSOLU

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EAU DE PARFUM



the Great Male Genius. In his breakout role in *God's Own Country* (2017), he zipped from one end of the class spectrum to the other, pulling in awards for his portrayal of a self-destructive Yorkshire farmer who falls in love with a Romanian migrant worker. Critics hailed it as the British *Brokeback Mountain*, but for O'Connor it was a film about men being "emotionally inarticulate" regardless of their sexuality.

Does Prince Charles—whom O'Connor plays in the current season of *The Crown*—have a crisis of masculinity? "I think Charles is deeply emotional," O'Connor says. "His father, Prince Philip, might call it soft. I would call it strong but in a different way." Learning about the prince's tabloid-harried love life was also instructive for an actor on the cusp of true fame: O'Connor makes a point of not naming his girlfriend (who works in advertising) in the press, although photos of the couple are readily Googleable. His phone background shows her at home, standing in front of a recently purchased abstract canvas; the two live in a home filled with art and ceramics—particularly O'Connor's grandma's figurative sculptures, which he describes as his favorite things "in the entire world." He draws to de-stress and cooks a lot—slightly altering the recipes from a Persian cookbook he knows almost by heart. Who is the tastemaker in their home? "Me," he mouths jokingly, then backtracks for the record: "We're really lucky and have very similar tastes."

Lots of actors get impatient between jobs, but I get the feeling that O'Connor would take well to "resting," should he ever get the chance—2020 also brings O'Connor's turn as Mr. Elton in a screen adaptation of Jane Austen's *Emma*. While filming for *The Crown* in Scotland, he managed to fit in six swims in the wild for the mental health charity MIND (he's trying to do 30 in his 30th year) as well as an overly ambitious solo hike that ended with him camping overnight on a remote stretch of coastline, miles from cell reception.

"I was looking at my tent on this beach as the storm was coming in, thinking, What have I done?" he tells me. "Total cock-up." But he is clearly cheered by the memory. "It's a secret dream of mine, to sack it all off," he admits. We bond over a

shared ambition of finding the time to learn how to throw a pot. "It's looks simple, but it's not," he enthuses. "It's really hard!"

Although O'Connor romanticizes the prospect of a *Walden*-esque retreat, I simultaneously get the sense that the young actor is raring to seize this moment: His star is rising on both sides of the Atlantic, thanks to *The Crown*. There are lots of evening pottery classes in London, I reassure him. O'Connor grins; he's already done the research and found a couple of promising courses in nearby Hackney. "See you there!"—HARRIET FITCH LITTLE



HEAVY IS THE HEAD
O'CONNOR SHOWS A
"DEEPLY EMOTIONAL" SIDE
OF THE YOUNG PRINCE.



Mistress of the Robes

LIVES "Get yourself a cup of tea, sit down, put your feet up, and let me take you on a magical journey," urges Angela Kelly in *The Other Side of the Coin: The Queen, the Dresser and the Wardrobe* (Harper), a delightfully engaging book from Queen Elizabeth II's personal assistant and senior dresser that reveals the meticulous planning that goes into producing and coordinating Her Majesty's iconic looks. Kelly and her royal mistress appear to enjoy a respectful complicity. Initially self-conscious about her broad Liverpudlian accent, Kelly decided that she needed elocution lessons, and who better than Her Majesty to provide instruction? The queen suggested *furious* as the first experiment. "Fee-or-ree-ous," enunciated Her Majesty. "Fyer-ri-ous," countered Kelly, at which point they both decided to leave well enough alone. Kelly has collaborated with the designer Stewart Parvin MVO and the milliner Stella McLaren, and since 2001 frequently designs the ensembles herself (working with a team of in-palace seamstresses): Gutsy colors by day ensure the diminutive wearer is the cynosure of all eyes, and pale hues for evening are a foil to the magnificence of the royal jewels. We learn that Her Majesty is an avid stargazer and that the feisty Duke of Edinburgh can always be relied upon for an unvarnished assessment of controversial styles. ("Is that the new material for the sofa?") The queen "doesn't mind temporary discomfort when it is so important for her to 'look the part,'" although substantial beading is usually concentrated on the front or side of gala evening dresses so that she doesn't have to sit on it, and stiff new shoes are worn in by none other than Kelly herself, who luckily shares her royal mistress's shoe size. Priceless.—HAMISH BOWLES



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GIRL ON FIRE
WITH NO KNOWN CURE, THE INFLAMMATORY SKIN CONDITION CAN BE MANAGED WITH ORAL AND TOPICAL DRUGS, LIGHT THERAPY—AND AN INCREASED FOCUS ON DIET.

Seeing Red

Winter is coming, which is bad news for a rosacea diagnosis. But a host of new treatments is designed to help you keep calm and get better skin, writes Jancee Dunn.

SKIN CARE It came out of nowhere. As I paced with pre-presentation jitters at a Nolita boutique, where I had come to speak on relationships after parenthood (an unlikely specialty of mine following a book on the subject), my face blazed like a space heater. Just a few days earlier, a livid red rash had spread across my cheeks and chin. I'm firmly 53 and well past those years of skin unpredictability, so the inflammation took me by surprise. Now, broken capillaries had surfaced on my cheeks, too—and no amount of Armani foundation could disguise them. I was going for “coolly composed self-assurance,” but my complexion betrayed me.

“It’s rosacea,” Joshua Zeichner, M.D., director of cosmetic and clinical research in dermatology at Mount Sinai, confirmed when I showed up at his Upper East Side office the next morning. Known in rosacea circles for working miracles, Zeichner gives me the bad news first. “No one knows exactly why some patients develop it,” he says of the chronic, inflammatory skin condition that is thought to be the result of an immune-system overreaction to a certain bacteria called *Bacillus oleronius*, or the outsized presence of skin microorganisms called Demodex mites. Often flaring up without warning, it afflicts 16 million people, strikes women three times as often as men, and is diagnosed most commonly between the ages of 30 and 50.

A list of rosacea triggers reads like everything that’s good in the world: spicy food, a hard workout, facials, sunshine,

red wine (and now, according to a study in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, white wine, too). Stress, however, is the leading offender, which might explain why my face went up in flames just as I was about to address a roomful of people.

I have erythematotelangiectatic rosacea (ETR), Zeichner tells me as he peers at my skin, which presents as redness, flushing, and visible capillaries. Much like papulopustular rosacea (PPR)—which results in redness, swelling, and acne-like breakouts—it cannot be cured. “But the good news is we can keep it under control,” Zeichner says, laying out a two-pronged attack plan with proven results. “First we repair, then we treat.”

The repair part comes easy. When I get back to my apartment, I clear out my medicine cabinet of culprits that could be responsible for impairing my skin barrier—scrubs, glycolic acids, anything heavily fragranced—and replace them with products “designated for redness and sensitivity,” at Zeichner’s suggestion. Dr. Barbara Sturm’s Calming Serum with purslane, her signature anti-inflammatory ingredient, is a quick favorite, and Dr. Jart’s Cicapair line, which contains chlorophyll-rich Tiger Grass, an anti-redness hero ingredient, immediately soothes my skin.

Treatment is more involved—and is usually ongoing, warns Hilary Baldwin, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology at Rutgers Robert Wood

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V LIFE

Johnson Medical Center. "Typically, you'll use a combination of at least two drugs, oral or topical, and modalities such as light therapy or lasers for visible capillaries," she says. And as rosacea is progressive, she notes, "the earlier you can get treatment, the better."

Baldwin is "pretty darn happy" with ivermectin, the Demodex mite-killing drug once available only in oral form and now recently approved as a topical gel. She has also had good results with Oracea, she tells me—a low-dose antibiotic that doesn't kill bacteria but reduces inflammation from the inside out. Zeichner prefers Rhofade, an FDA-approved cream with the same active ingredient as Visine that dramatically reduces redness by constricting blood vessels, while doctors such as Ellen Marmur, M.D., a leading New York City dermatologist, are increasingly prescribing beta-blockers—those epinephrine- and adrenaline-controlling friends to anxious public speakers. "A low dose prevents flushing," she reveals of the effective way to subdue rosacea's redness by lowering blood pressure. "And it's great for brides before their walk down the aisle!"

"What you eat can also play a big role in managing your symptoms," adds Rajani Katta, M.D., a Houston-based dermatologist who has studied the effects of diet on rosacea and suggests I try an eight-week elimination diet to home in on ingredients with capsaicin, a chemical that affects the receptors in skin that feel warmth (goodbye, peppers), and those containing cinnamaldehyde, a vasodilator (farewell, chocolate, citrus, cinnamon, and tomatoes).

A month into my own Rhofade prescription—and with a few zaps of Zeichner's Vbeam Perfecta laser—my visible blood vessels have vanished, and while my skin is still slightly rosy, it's notably not ruddy. I'm also becoming aware of my triggers (peppers are now verboten in my kitchen). If I do have a flare-up, I reach for La Roche-Posay's Rosaliac CC Cream with ambophenol, a calming African plant extract, and try to embrace the fact that my flush can be mistaken for a recent workout—not necessarily a bad development. "I see we both went for a run this morning," a friend tells me when I join her for brunch. I have done no such thing. But I pick up the menu and announce that I'll be having the crepes anyway. □



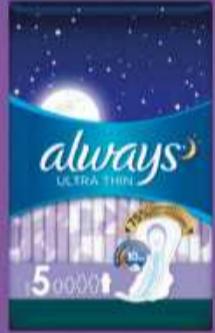
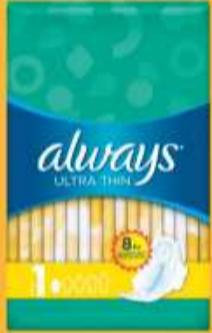
Small Wonder

FASHION Stylist Stella Greenspan is a magpie for vintage fashion—though her string-bean proportions (she stands six-foot-one) make fitting anything that's more than a decade old virtually impossible. What she lacks in Edwardian tea dresses, however, she makes up for in vintage handbags. Sourced in thrift stores from Paris and Los Angeles to Zurich, where she grew up, Greenspan's impressive trove of one-of-kind purses inspired her to design her own. "I love a little bag with a big personality," she says, "though often my best vintage pieces either proved to be too tiny or started falling apart."

Her just-launched, eponymous label (sold at matchesfashion.com and, later this month, at stellagreenspanshop.com) reconfigures the eccentric bag for a new generation of cool girls. The two debut styles feature a discreet, midcentury silhouette, though their abstract prints and oversize embellishments owe more to the OTT energy of the '80s. They're natural conversation-starters come happy hour, though they're just as easily styled for Sunday brunch. "Test-driving the prototypes has been the most fun—people will even stop me in the street to compliment them," she says. (Greenspan recently shot the collection

while on vacation in Patmos with model friends Edie Campbell and Adwoa Aboah.) "I just hope I can spread some more of that joy." —CHIOMA NNADI

CARRIED AWAY
STELLA GREENSPAN BAG, \$650;
MATCHSFASHION.COM. FAR
LEFT: MODEL ADWOA ABOAH
WITH ONE IN PATMOS.



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WEARING THE WRONG SIZE PAD.
ALL OF THEM CAN CHANGE THAT.**

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Try the next size up for up to
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Picture Show

The innovative Japanese makeup brand UZ is rethinking how we wear—and why we buy—lip gloss.

BEAUTY The visual language of beauty marketing is ingrained by now: extreme close-ups of precision-painted lips; alluring portraits of familiar spokespeople; well-lit selfies regrammed on companies' social channels. Coy seduction, the story goes, is the surest way to move makeup.

But Hiroshi Imamura isn't buying it—and he doesn't think a new generation of consumers is, either. "The role of cosmetics has become clearer for us: They can provide emotional value and make everyday life richer than ever," says Imamura, the cofounder of UZ (pronounced *oo-zoo*), a forward-thinking beauty concept out of Japan that has positioned itself as a refreshing outlier. For its Stateside debut this past March, the brand released 13 rainbow-bright shades of liquid eyeliner, with an artisan-made brush tip from a centuries-old factory in the Kumano region of Japan—all at an accessible price of \$16 each. The products stoked curiosity backstage at 3.1 Phillip Lim's fall show, where makeup artist Diane Kendal painted ultrafine white stripes on models' lids. The company's tagline "Unframe the Beauty" garnered similar intrigue, splashed across billboards in SoHo, where a flagship retail store opened in June.

This month, UZ continues to build its renegade reputation with a collection of lip gloss christened not with a name but with a temperature: 38°C / 99°F. "I think each person has a 38-degree moment," Imamura says of the idea to focus on the mercury point just above normal body heat—the glow you get upon emerging from a bath, or the natural blush that blooms on cheeks after you come inside from the cold. Just as unexpected are ingredients such as La Flora (a beneficial bacteria that promotes a healthy skin barrier on the lips) and Endmineral, used in Chinese medicine to boost circulation and incorporated here to encourage a subtle flush.

The same convention-defying logic guides the campaign, which features not a drop of product, not one famous face. Instead, UZ tapped 10 buzzed-about photographers to contribute curated images that convey a breadth of simmering emotion. Tyler Mitchell, whose



EMOTION CAPTURE
FROM TOP: JUMPING JOY, 2011, BY TIERNEY GEARON, ONE OF THE ARTISTS FEATURED IN UZ'S NEW CAMPAIGN. THE LIP TREATMENT, CALLED 38°C / 99°F, COMES IN SIX SHADES.

Vogue cover of Beyoncé is headed to the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C., shared a quiet sidewalk scene of

a couple in the blazing late afternoon. Chad Moore's still life of neon foliage redefines the term *hothouse flowers*.

"To me, beauty is what you feel inside—it's like magic," says Tierney Gearon, recalling the backstory of her own contribution: an exuberant snapshot of her young daughter and a friend catching air on a trampoline in the English countryside. "It captures this feeling in childhood when you have that incredibly free, happy spontaneity."

The decision to repurpose private moments for the public arena illustrates a nonnormative approach that's also reflected in the lip treatment's tactile, clear packaging—icicle-like baubles that don't resemble anything else on the market. From there, the suite of six sheer colors invites play. The shimmering gray is dubbed -4 for its cool-tone effect, while the fiery coral (+5) continues to dial up the metaphorical thermostat.

—LAURA REGENSDORF



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PROMOTIONS AND EVENTS IN DECEMBER

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FRINGE FESTIVAL

MODEL ABBY CHAMPION WEARS AN AREA FRINGED BLAZER (\$1,550), FLORAL-PRINTED BLOUSE (\$850), AND PANTS (\$1,150); AREA, NYC. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MACIEK POZOGA. FASHION EDITOR: ALEX HARRINGTON.

Area Codes

Designers Beckett Fogg and Piotrek Panszczyk are revising classic forms with crystal-embellished, more-is-more élan.

FASHION

“I think this is a really commercial piece,” says Beckett Fogg, one half of the team behind Area, holding up a stiff metal cage wrought of rainbow-hued crystal. To which I respond, with astonishment, “*Commercial?*” But Fogg insists. “It’s *really* commercial because of the many ways you can wear it! Look—you can just put it over a white button-down shirt. You just have to have that emotional connection. Our embellishments, our crystals, our trims really draw you into the fantasy.”

FASHION > 106



3 SECONDS TO FLAWLESS ROOTS



Eva Longoria



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Though Area's gender-nonspecific extravaganzas may be a truly postmodern fantasy, Piotrek Panszczyk, Fogg's codesigner of the New York-based line, says the creations have deep roots. "We love classic things, but we want to recontextualize them," he explains. "Glamour can be rhinestones, but it can also be an Hermès double-face cashmere coat. We look at old references—'60s Balenciaga, Lanvin couture—and try to strip things down, make it in a new way."

A visit to the Area atelier on Manhattan's Canal Street, where the spring 2020 collection is on resplendent display, offers compelling evidence of just how far you can twist and stretch the notion of classic. Here are

the customer lie in the breaking down of boundaries, of throwing out assumptions and offering something that is meant to impress with craftsmanship—to sparkle *and* spark joy? There's a spirit of liberation infusing these clothes: Despite their sheer—in both senses of the word—audacity, nothing is intended to elicit a stereotypical male gaze. Women will don these body-positive celebrations strictly for themselves. (Men can, of course, wear a stringy-fringy gown if they're feeling it—lines are meant to be crossed!) Case in point: A keynote accessory this season is a metal mesh "beard" that clips on—a sexy sleeper hit that provokes and delights.

Fogg, 31, and Panszczyk, 33, met in a graduate

program at Parsons, drawn to each other by a shared desire to manipulate and transform fabric. Fogg recalls that at the time, "I was taking leather to a place in New Jersey and embossing it, making it 3-D." Fogg hails from Kentucky and has a degree in architecture; Panszczyk—born in Poland, raised in Holland, and having worked for Chloé in Paris—came here on a scholarship eight years ago. (They both now live in Brooklyn, Panszczyk with his husband in Clinton Hill, Fogg in Brooklyn Heights, where she and her husband will welcome their first child this month.) "I walked up to her and said, 'This is cool—tell me what you're doing,'" Panszczyk remembers. "We became friends, and we started talking about doing something together, and I said, 'You're crazy.'"

But sometimes the craziest ideas are the best ideas. In 2013 the pair sold a gazillion gleaming T-shirts at

Opening Ceremony; in 2015 they made their first formal presentation, and the marriage of exquisite metallurgy with the nerviness of the silhouettes has turned out to be a big hit; in 2016 they were CFDA/Vogue Fashion Fund finalists. And no one was more shocked than the designers themselves when they learned that they ranked third at Coachella—right after Revolve and Fashion Nova—in earned media value, a financial calculation that measures social-media engagement.

"Neither of us are exactly from fashion capitals," Fogg says, laughing. "I mean, I'm from Lexington, Kentucky, and he's from Poland!" Could this be why they have such a deep understanding of the transformative power of clothes, the desire to become another person—more confident! bolder! louder!—just by slipping into something fabulous? As Fogg puts it, "It's definitely occasion dressing—but the occasion could be you in your room posting on social media."—LYNN YAEGER



SHINY OBJECTS

ABOVE: BECKETT FOGG, GIGI AND ANWAR HADID (BOTH IN AREA), AND PIOTREK PANSZCZYK, PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREGORY HARRIS, VOGUE, 2016. RIGHT: MICHELLE OBAMA IN AREA DURING HER 2019 BOOK TOUR.



examples of the kind of high-gloss elegance that hasn't been seen lately—an unabashed tribute to the notion that you can be a literal shining star. The eye lingers on crystal streamers welded into 3-D panels; an extraordinary black gown, made of what could be gigantic spaghetti tubes, pretty much defies description. (Okay, here's a try—is it the gorgeous offspring of an octopus and a Venus flytrap?) But there are also catsuits in blown-out herringbone checks and peach satin frocks with balloon sleeves that happily acknowledge their couture heritage. If you are still tempted to dismiss the collection as fundamentally rock-and-roll—and yes, Rihanna, Beyoncé, and Ariana Grande are all fans—no less a grown-up than Michelle Obama has sported Area's strict black suit (albeit dripping in crystal fringe) on her book tour. "We added long sleeves for her," Fogg confides.

And suddenly you think, Maybe this is what commercial means now? Could the secret to seducing



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BEHIND THE LOOK

Stealing the Show

When Monsieur Dior put on his first London fashion show in 1950, the British press headlined it DIOR "CIRCUS" COMES TO TOWN. With a wink, current Dior artistic director

Maria Grazia Chiuri recently played ringmaster to a circus of her own to showcase a couture collection, heady with harlequin prints, inside a Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey-esque tent replete with acrobats. The look that actress Lucy Boynton chose to wear, according to Chiuri, is "the result of a sleight of hand that has made it possible to create pleats that turn into swirls." It's high-wire-act trickery that's most definitely a crowd-pleaser. —LILAH RAMZI

STEP RIGHT UP

THE SHOW'S SET DESIGN (BELOW) BROUGHT THE CIRCUS THEME TO LIFE.



MOD MOOD

NODDING TO THE '60s, BOYNTON (TOP LEFT) RIMMED HER EYES WITH KOHL, PAINTING FAUX LASHES WITH DELICATE TICKS OF EYELINER, MUCH LIKE THIS 1964 VOGUE COVER (ABOVE).



DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

CHIURI'S HARLEQUIN PRINT RECALLS A VERSION BY JOHN GALLIANO (RIGHT) SHOWN AT DIOR'S SPRING 1998 COUTURE COLLECTION.



Art in Residence

TRAVEL Carrie Vik estimates that she has traveled to more than 1,000 hotels in her lifetime. And while lobbies are often sprawling spaces adorned with antiques and art, guest rooms are significantly more bland. "You don't even remember the difference between one room and the other," says Vik, co-owner of Vik Retreats. An alternative: the 89 site-specific installations located within Galleria Vik Milano.

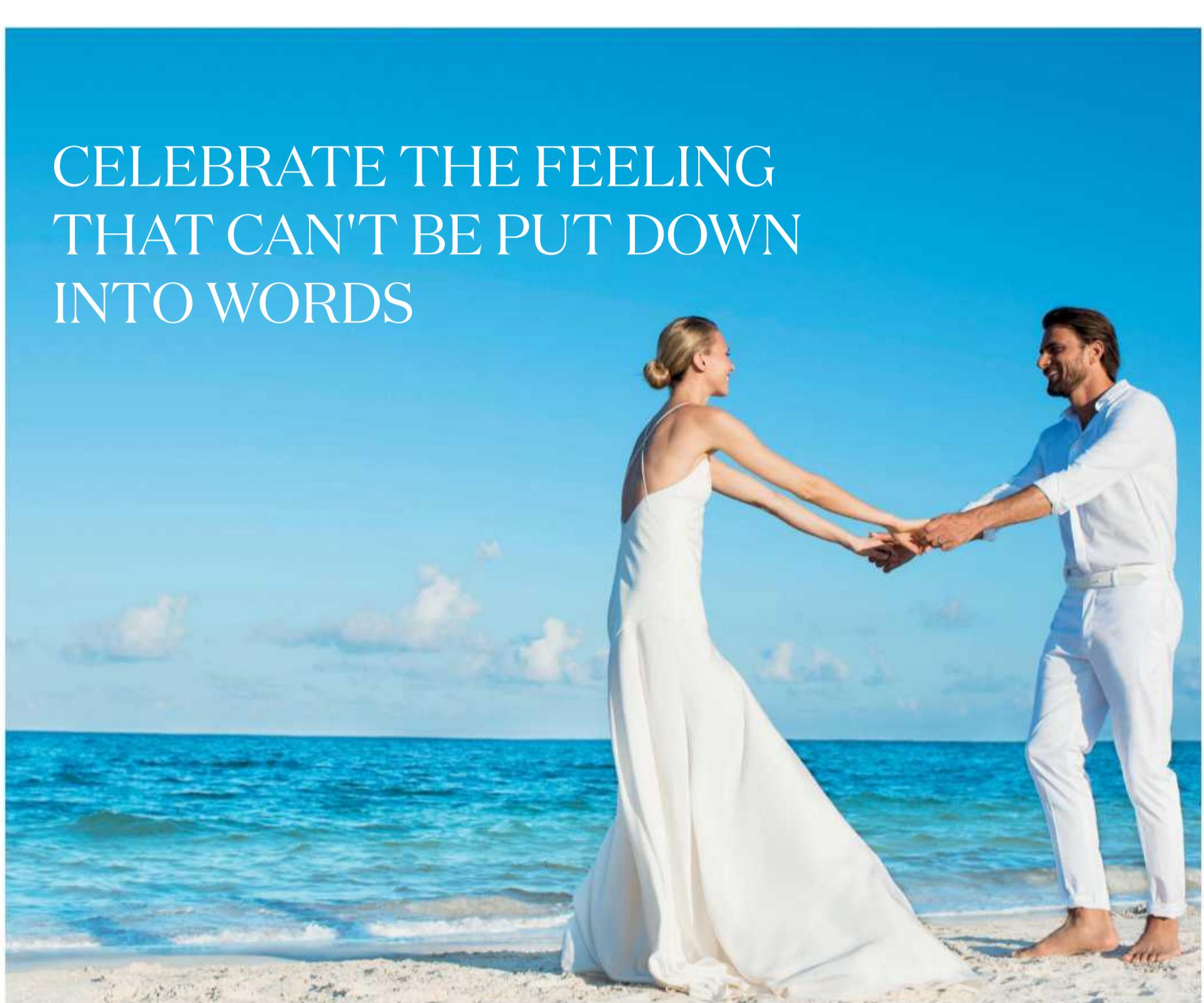
At the just-opened property, a town house in Milan's iconic glass-domed shopping arcade, Galleria Vittorio

Emanuele II, Vik and her husband, Alexander, played both proprietor and curator—in one room guests sleep surrounded by cloud photographs by Julian Lennon; in another, gold

leaf by Italian artist Elena Trailina adorns the walls and furniture. Downstairs, guests are greeted by Rodin's *Thinker*, who sits contemplatively by the reception desk. "We wanted to push the envelope of design," Vik says.

Galleria Vik Milano is just one example of the migration of fine art from the gallery to the guesthouse. "Hotels are using their public spaces like museums," says Albert M. Herrera, head of Global Product Partnerships at travel concierge company Virtuoso, "featuring works of art in a more pronounced way." Take the recently opened Fife Arms in the Scottish Highlands. Owned by Iwan and Manuela Wirth (of Hauser & Wirth), the Victorian Inn showcases a Picasso over the tea table, a Dutch Master in the dining room, a Man Ray portrait of Elsa Schiaparelli in the bar. On this side of the pond, the Louisville-based 21c Museum Hotels positions each of its establishments as a contemporary art museum you can sleep in—some 75,000 square feet of exhibition space is spread across their eight locations. A night at the museum is no longer a fantasy. —ELISE TAYLOR

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Puff Piece

In these times of highlighter dominance, a matte complexion has become positively passé. Or has it?

Leslie Camhi makes a case for the power of powder.

BEAUTY You won't see it on any Oscar ballots, but powder—that longtime makeup essential—has played a crucial supporting role in many a Hollywood movie. In *The Women* (1939), glamour-puss Paulette Goddard pulls out a giant shiny compact on the remote Reno ranch where she's waiting on a quickie divorce. In *The Apartment* (1960), a vulnerable Shirley MacLaine powders at the table while trying to fend off the attentions of a married lover who is an executive at the company where she works as an elevator operator. More recently, streaming direct to your living room on Amazon Prime Video, Rachel Brosnahan's marvelous Mrs. Maisel powders up in a 1950s New York City coffee shop in the wee morning hours, having spent the night in jail on obscenity charges. Though the judge may find her foulmouthed, her porcelain complexion will remain flawless.

Yet despite its past glory, powder's presence on screens and in clutches big and small appears to have recently dimmed. The sparkly skin on red carpets and on Instagram feeds—reminding me, at times, of shiny disco balls or a swarm of fireflies in evening gowns—has ushered in the age of conformist dewiness, suggesting that powder and a matte finish, much like girdles and hair rollers, be relegated to the dustbins of history.

But if you squint hard, past the ubiquitous strobing tutorials on YouTube and endlessly glowing Kardashian-Jenners, new-era famous faces, such as Margaret Qualley and



SOFT POWER

ABOVE: MODELS FEI FEI SUN AND MAYOWA NICHOLAS, BOTH IN TOM FORD. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ETHAN JAMES GREEN. FASHION EDITOR: PHYLLIS POSNICK. LEFT: FOR BURLESQUE ARTIST VIOLET CHACHKI, POWDER OFFERS THE MATTIFYING, LIGHT-REFLECTING PERFECTION OF A CLASSIC RENÉ GRUAU FASHION ILLUSTRATION, SHOWN.

Lizzo—the chart-topper with the seemingly poreless complexion—are carrying the torch for the beautifully buffed. And consider Chanel's widely lauded fall couture show: Creative director Virginie Viard's models swanned about in a two-story mock library inspired by founder Gabrielle's legendary rue Cambon apartment, affecting the parchment-hued demeanor—complete with eyeglasses!—that comes naturally (though far less alluringly) to those of us who have spent our lives indoors reading and writing.

In fact, powder has never really left the fashion world. "No backstage skin I've created since day one hasn't involved powder," the makeup guru (and newly minted beauty mogul) Pat McGrath tells me. Her new Skin Fetish: Sublime Perfection the System includes primer, foundation, and something she calls "the anti-powder powder," a lighter-than-air formulation in an impressive five shades,

BEAUTY > 114

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ranging from light bisque to deep mocha. With “an exquisite finish of eggshell smoothness,” McGrath says, it’s “powder you needn’t be afraid of.”

Perhaps it was fear, after all, that put me off powder in the first place. A casual remark, overheard at some forgotten department-store makeup counter, cautioned that for women of a certain age, powder is a no-go. It is just too drying, and unkind to fine lines. But it can be a godsend for women of all ages looking for more control, according to pro-powder burlesque artist and *RuPaul’s Drag Race* winner Violet Chachki.

“A matte face doesn’t pick up the light,” she tells me. Inspired by the great fashion illustrators of yore, René Gruau among them, Chachki—whose currency is transformation—says she wants to look “like a drawing of a woman”; powder (such as the drugstore find Airspun, beloved of “old-school drag queens”) helps her achieve those pore-filling and light-reflecting aspirations. To get these results “in a more realistic way,” she adds, “just use a little brush.”

Peter Philips has similarly precise ideas about application. “If I want a velvety, matte finish, I apply it with a big powder brush, and then I use a cotton puff to push it gently into the foundation,” the creative and image director at Dior Makeup says of backstage staples such as Dior’s Forever & Ever Control Loose Powder. “If I want to have a glowy or less matte effect, I use a silky puff.”

Encouraged by these experts, I feel ready to take some powder for a spin. Chantecaille’s Éclat Doux and Sisley-Paris’s Blur Expert pressed-powder compacts add a subtle soft focus to the sometimes harsh reality of my face. For fuller coverage, I turn to Poudre de Teint Précieuse, a tinted pressed powder from Valmont in a hue called Sandy Beige in Paris. The effect—though hardly the equivalent of a week’s stay in the City of Light—is best described as creamy. La Prairie’s Skin Caviar Loose Powder, packaged in a hefty cobalt-blue jar, promises “an invisible protecting veil”; plus, it comes with its very own silky powder puff. I settle a cloud of it on my face, inhaling its delicate fragrance—reminiscent of the warm, protective embrace of a wealthy grandmother—and toddle off to an evening reception in honor of a new biography of Simone de Beauvoir.

I don’t know what de Beauvoir (whose generally minimal makeup routine included tinted moisturizer and a pinkish lip) would have made of it. To be honest, I’m not entirely sure what it did for my face. But I did notice, during a quiet week in late summer, that

I’m not entirely sure what it did for my face. But I did notice that the application of a little bit of fairy dust made me stand up that much straighter

DONE AND DUSTED
WITH IMPROVED FORMULAS AND EXPANDED SHADE RANGES, FACE POWDER IS MORE FRIEND THAN FOE TO A FLAWLESS COMPLEXION.

the application of a little bit of fairy dust made me stand up that much straighter.

It also gave me the courage to face that peculiarly modern urban bane—my new iPhone’s high-definition camera. “The camera picks up a lot more than the naked eye,” says Lori Taylor Davis, global pro lead artist for Smashbox Cosmetics, consoling me. Smashbox, she explains, is a studio-based brand. (Its cofounders, Dean and Davis Factor, are the great-grandsons of Max Factor, the Russian immigrant and cosmetician who catered to the early movie industry in Hollywood and was partially responsible for the powder

puff’s unlikely star turn.) “Everything with us starts from how makeup looks when it is photographed—and if it looks good on camera, it’s going to look good in everyday life,” Davis elaborates. As if to underline the brand’s historic ties to Hollywood, Smashbox’s Halo Hydrating Perfecting Powder—which offers eight different shades and promises to moisturize while it mattifies—even comes in a camera lens-shaped compact. “You turn the dial and it shaves off the right amount of fresh powder every time,” she says.

Have we, in fact, come full circle? With so much of social life refracted through social media, do we make ourselves up, primarily, to look good on our phones? “The phone has become the new compact,” says Patricia Regan, head makeup artist on *The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel* and a keen observer of contemporary mores. Regan uses fine paintbrushes by the French brand Isabey to apply little touches of a translucent powder by Chantecaille to the faces under her dominion. Brosnahan’s Midge Maisel, an iconoclast in so many ways, is definitely a member of team matte. Will Midge abandon powder in season three, which starts streaming this month and ushers in the 1960s, a decade that, with the first rumblings of the youthquake and its counterculture, saw women casting powder to the wind? I’m guessing not. And I just might join her once in a while, and powder up to face the world. □

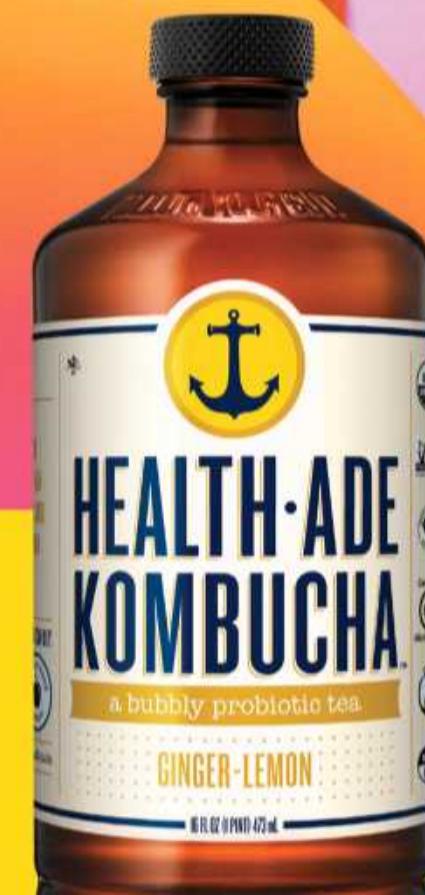


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Shelf Help

This holiday season, enliven your library and your living room.

GIFTS

No one is sure who said it, but it's true: "A room without books is like a body without a soul." There's something captivating about a home with a well-stocked library, an intangible quality that even the most impeccably designed bookless interior can't replicate. Perhaps it's the revealing hint of the dweller's personality, whether that means a prized collection of first-edition George Eliot novels or glossy volumes of Robert Frank images. Even an antiseptic hotel suite suddenly becomes yours when there's reading on the bedside table; suddenly, there's something to do.

A library's appeal isn't just intellectual; books add warmth and color to any space. A quick scan of #bookstagram calls up monochromatic groupings, book-printed trompe l'oeil wallpaper, gravity-defying shelving. And, of course, many of the books themselves are stunning. This has never been lost on creatives: Karl Lagerfeld's massive home library was as striking as it was essential, while Phillip Lim has made a colorful wall of design volumes a centerpiece of his apartment. There's a reason Sonia Rykiel's boutiques were all book-lined—and that plenty of booksellers work with decorators to help fill clients' shelves. —GIFTS>118

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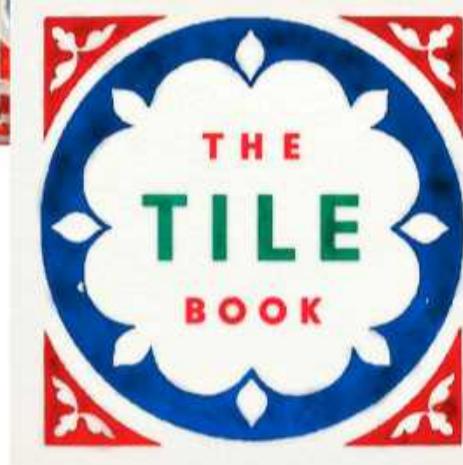
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PAIR TIM WALKER: *SHOOT FOR THE MOON* (THAMES & HUDSON)—HERE, OPENED TO A FEATHERED JENNIFER LAWRENCE—with a decoupage paperweight, \$60, JOHNDERIAN.COM (TOP), AND A PEACOCK LAMP, \$390, ONEKINGSLANE.COM (RIGHT).



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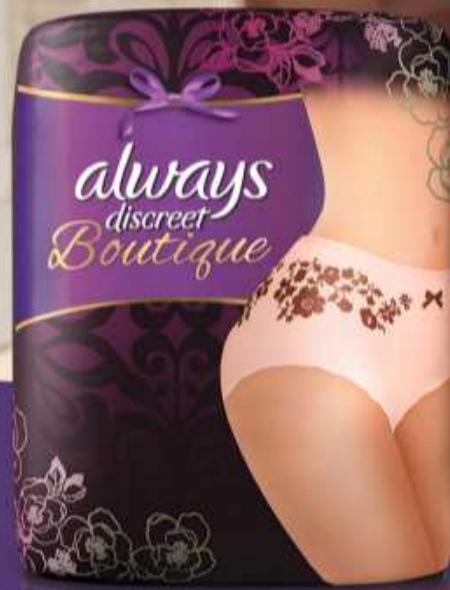


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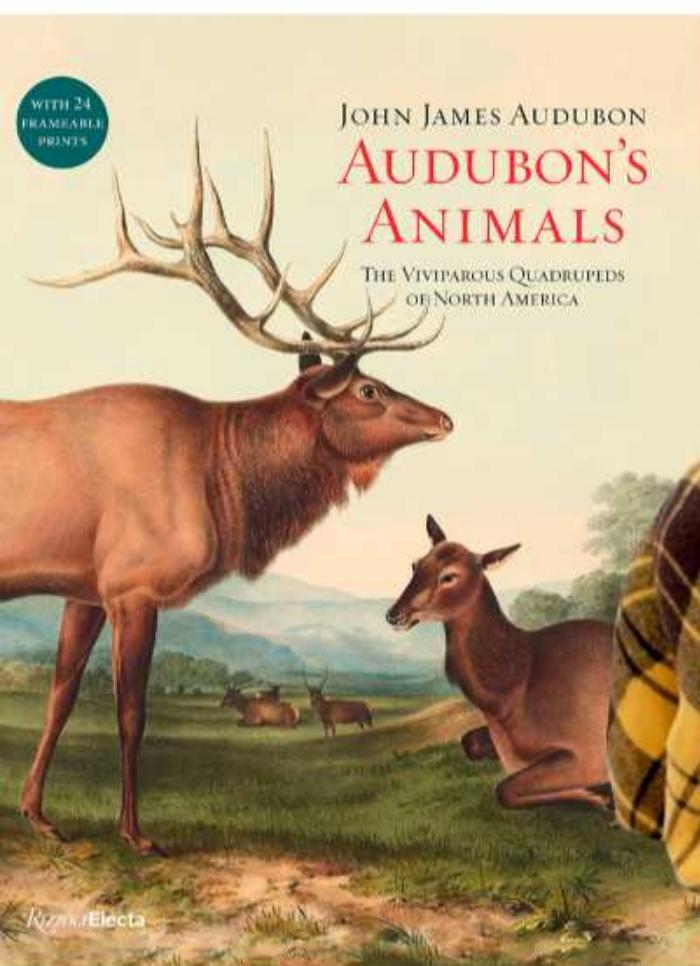
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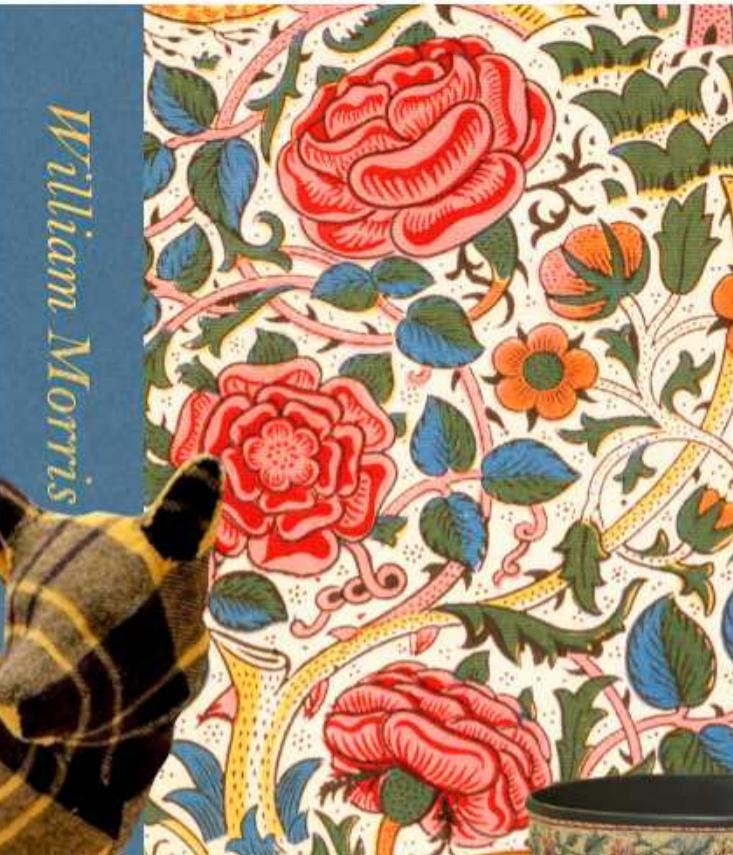
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And then there are those who *really* live with their books, further blurring the lines between life and literature. In her Paris apartment, Carolina Irving combines well-thumbed travel tales with her internationally sourced textiles; the artist Vik Muniz stocks the massive wall of his airy New York studio with volumes on science and history, along with corals and fossils straight out of a Victorian cabinet of curiosities. The publisher Franco Maria Ricci collects the works of the 18th-century printer Giambattista Bodoni; the home he has constructed for his library outside Parma is populated with marble busts from the same era. The sharply dressed Gay Talese, naturally, has books in his closet. While we were researching our new book, *Bibliostyle: How We Live at Home With Books* (Clarkson Potter), my colleagues, designer Nina Freudenberger and photographer Shade Degges, and I saw all this and more: the 1920s kitchen filled with vintage cookbooks; the Brooklyn "fabric library" where hundreds of manuals on the textile arts keep company with looms, bobbin lace, and carding combs. One collector of Bloomsburiana surrounds his treasured tomes with prints by Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell.

Antique or modern, worn or pristine, challenging or comforting—the gift of a book can make you feel truly understood. Someone has thought about not just what you like but an experience you'll enjoy. And as we pare down the physical books we own, we want the ones we keep to be truly meaningful. After all, the stories—and objects—that surround our books can be as evocative as what's between the covers.—SADIE STEIN



PITCHER PERFECT

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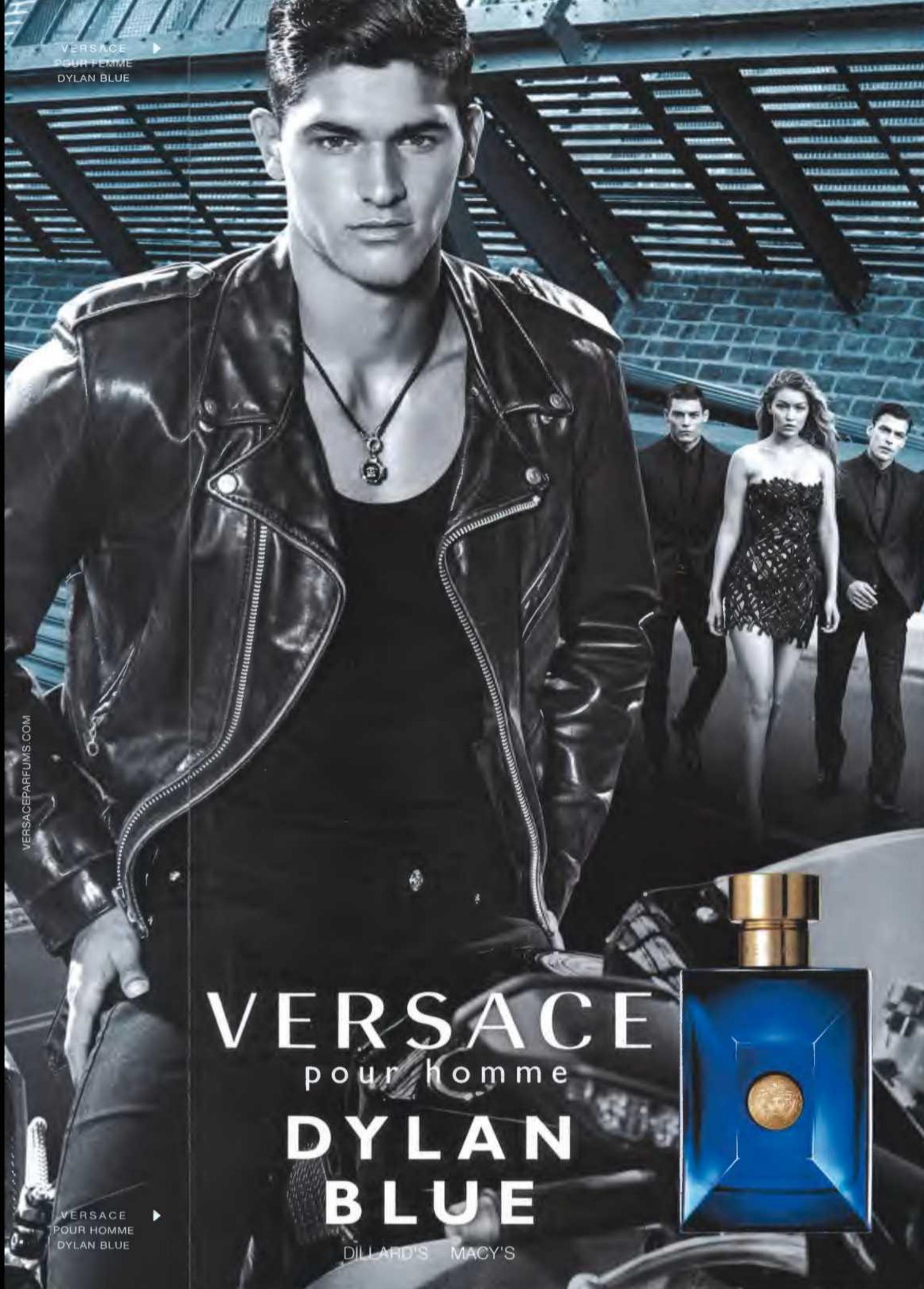
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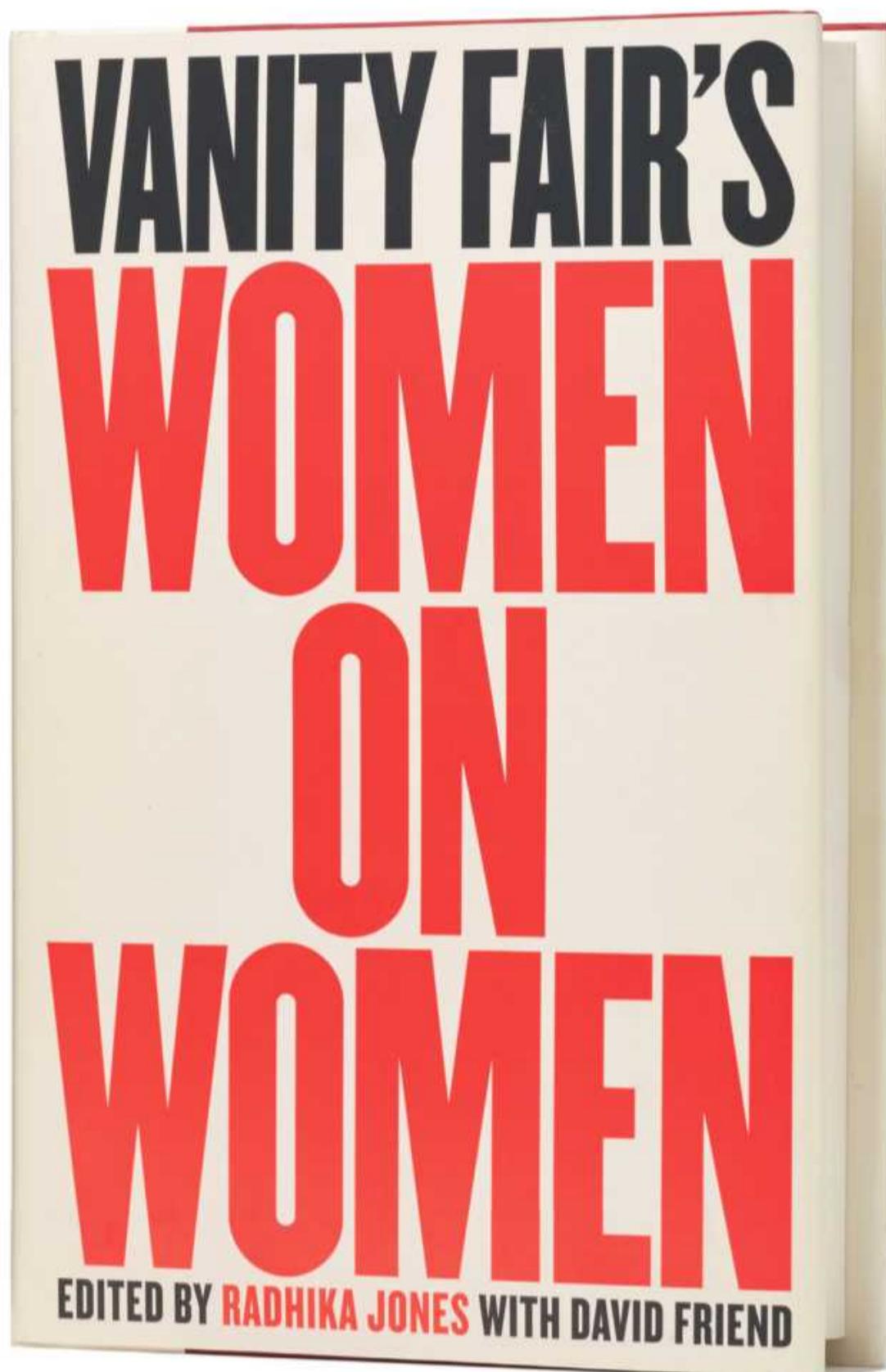
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Queen of Diamonds

A new fine-jewelry line puts Serena Williams's love of all that glitters on center court.

FASHION There are two ways to look at all the matches that Serena Williams has ever competed in. Most obviously, they stand as some of the greatest tennis ever played—lightning serves, ground strokes with the power of ocean currents, a forehand as formidable as her double-handed backhand. Williams herself, though, sums them up in exactly one word: *hearts*. “I am obsessed with hearts,” she says. “If you go back and look at photos, pretty much all my matches—99% of the time—you see me wearing some sort of heart necklace.”

If you do go back, you also notice that she is wearing necklaces and earrings, bracelets and rings—all manner of accessory, in fact—with an enthusiasm that might make the layperson wonder: How do you accessorize like that when you’re competing at a kind of outer-space level? Not a problem, according to Williams. “I remember a long, long time ago I wore this diamond star ring on my right hand that everyone looked at and was like, ‘How do you play wearing that?’” She’d purchased it at 17, her first self-bought

piece. “It wasn’t anything super-fancy—it had a really interesting shape; it almost looked like a starfish, but with four arms instead of five. But it was fine. I’ve always worn crazy jewelry on the court—massive rings, diamonds, necklaces. I mean, most people like jewelry, but I *love* jewelry.”

It will come as no surprise, then, that Williams’s new line—called, simply, Serena Williams Jewelry and on sale starting this month—includes hearts, along with rings, bracelets, and necklaces, a diamond-encrusted dog tag, and diamond earrings that spell out SEXY as well as LOVE, the words broken in two. There are 70 core pieces, ranging in price from \$299 to \$10,000, and as much as the line is a dream come true for Williams, it’s also practical: As she’s allergic to a lot of metals, she wanted pieces designed with real gold or silver but still “price-friendly.”

She was remembering this the other day while driving around Palm Beach, Florida, and wearing five pieces from her new line: a diamond necklace, another necklace with SEXY spelled out in diamonds, and some signet rings. She’d had them

FASHION > 128

NATIONAL TREASURE
ABOVE: WILLIAMS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, VOGUE, 2015.
BELOW: A SERENA WILLIAMS JEWELRY NECKLACE, \$1,100; FRED MEYER JEWELERS STORES.



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STAR SEARCH

SERENA WILLIAMS
JEWELRY EARRINGS
(\$2,500); FRED MEYER
JEWELERS STORES.

on nonstop for a week or so, having just flown in from New York and before that L.A. ("I'm a little bit everywhere"), and she was saying that her collection is also about travel—about the sort of pieces that might easily move from a baccarat table in Monte Carlo to takeout café con leche in Miami's Little Havana, or "on the red carpet and the tennis court," as she puts it. "You don't have to change pieces, but you can add pieces—something more bold, or more strong, or even something with a word on it—even if it's a more delicate piece. It's just about expressing yourself."

How involved was she in the design process? "I'm not a jewelry designer," she says, "but I spent hours looking at every single piece. I'd say, 'Let's change the chain on this' or 'Let's do a herringbone here' or 'Let's do more of a classic look for this or a different finish for that.'" What's her jewelry mood at the moment, generally speaking? "Right now I'm loving anything with a frosted look, like the AP watches I've been wearing lately. I also love layering delicate little necklaces because by themselves they're subtle, but when you

add a few you're making a statement. I also love layering my thin bangles with tennis bracelets—when you don't have to stick to one style or one piece, it allows for more freedom, which I love."

While cruising through Palm Beach, she was also remembering her greatest accessory inspirations: her mother, Oracene Price, who favors gold; her four sisters; her grandmother; and her aunt. "Their ability to play with accessories and use different statement pieces has always had an influence on me," Williams says. Though her mother favors gold, bangle bracelets and hoop earrings are a theme for all of her relatives. "It's amazing how each of us are influenced by each other—yet our style remains unique," she says.

Williams intends to keep the family tradition moving forward: Her husband, Alexis Ohanian, has proven himself to be skilled at gifting inspirational jewelry to her. But nobody, it seems, knows her accessories game quite like her sister Venus. "She definitely doesn't miss," Serena says. "Anything she gives me, I love."

—ROBERT SULLIVAN

Here and Now

Two stunning tales of survival and escape capture the current moment.

BOOKS Much like his beloved bedtime companion Harry Potter, the main character of Ann Napolitano's **Dear Edward** (The Dial Press) finds himself orphaned and with a jagged scar ranging the length of his left shin. The sole survivor of a cross-country plane crash that took the lives of 191 people, including his parents and older brother, 12-year-old Edward Adler is a sudden folk hero, left to make sense of a trove of letters from strangers affected by the tragedy and contend with his own coming of age. In this life-affirming tale, the downright unbearable blossoms into a testament to the power of love and grace.

Another story of remarkable grit unfolds in Jeanine Cummins's heart-aching and heart-in-throat-thrilling **American Dirt** (Flatiron Books), which follows a mother and her son as they flee the violent

Mexican city of Acapulco—once a glamorous destination whose golden beaches drew the 1960s jet set, now a cesspool of chaos and gang warfare. Having survived the massacre of their entire family, Lydia, the widow of an investigative journalist, and Luca, her bookish and obedient eight-year-old son, must engineer their own disappearance in a surveillance state. "I suppose fear has certain magical properties," reasons Lydia. Running on instinct and adrenaline, the newly minted refugees head for the American border, hiding from corrupt authorities and vicious henchmen on the floors of missionary vans and roofs of moving freight trains, "clinging to the exoskeleton like beetles on a window screen." A novel as of the zeitgeist as any, *American Dirt* is also an account of love on the run that will never lose steam.

—LAUREN MECHLING



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Sharp Objects

As *Jagged Little Pill* hits Broadway, what do we make of the lightning-rod album that inspired it?

THEATER It's the first cool day of autumn, and I'm in a rehearsal space high above 42nd Street in Manhattan, watching the cast and crew of the Broadway musical *Jagged Little Pill* run through a harrowing scene. Kathryn Gallagher (recently seen in a supporting role on the TV show *You*), playing a distraught high schooler named Bella, is curled in the corner of a sofa as she recounts a sexual assault to two classmates, Frankie (Celia Rose Gooding) and Jo (Lauren Patten). Bella has to go to the police, they insist. She scoffs. "They never believe anyone anyway." Behind me, Sean Allan Krill, who plays Frankie's father, inhales sharply. "This part just kills me," he mutters. Later, Gallagher apologizes to me that it was such a disturbing rehearsal. Then again, it's a heavy show. Patten, standing nearby, jokes: "Deep scenes only in *Jagged!*"

Now in previews at the Broadhurst Theater after a 2018 run at the American Repertory Theater in Cambridge, *Jagged Little Pill*, based on Alanis Morissette's 1995 album, is "an

emotionally exhausting watch," says Diablo Cody, who penned the book. The production, directed by Tony Award winner Diane Paulus, deftly weaves big themes—rape culture, opioid addiction, transracial adoption—into an *Ice Storm*–esque tableau of emotional alienation in suburban Connecticut.

At the center of things is Frankie's mother, MJ (Elizabeth Stanley, brittle and very funny), whose past trauma is finally catching up with her. She self-medicates with yoga and illegally procured painkillers, and ices out her husband, Steve, who takes her sudden downturn personally. Frankie, meanwhile—adopted, bisexual, the only black member of her white-bread family—is a social-justice warrior who proves less than principled when it comes to her romantic entanglement with the guileless Jo. And Frankie's brother, Nick (Derek Klena), is a Harvard-bound golden boy at an ethical crossroads.

None of these specifics, of course, were part of the original album; Cody grafts the lyrics onto a very 2019 story line. "It's not a typical jukebox musical," she says. "The songs are telling a real story; they're not shoehorned into some other narrative." She has created something new that's also true to *Jagged*'s let-it-all-hang-out, confessional essence: a cautionary tale about the pitfalls of repression, the danger of hiding behind perfect façades, presented with plenty of wry, dark humor. Everyone is damaged; no one is beyond redemption.

For Morissette, the musical has also been a means of reclaiming the album that made her a star. "Reclaiming is a great word for it," she says over the phone from Los Angeles.

Although it netted its then-21-year-old creator four Grammys and sold 33 million copies worldwide, *Jagged* remains one of the more polarizing cultural artifacts of

the '90s. Detractors objected to Morissette's background as a teen pop act in her native Canada; her unruly hair; her off-putting voice; the vitriol of her first single, "You Oughta Know," a blistering missive to a fickle ex-lover. Alanis-haters were of two camps: She was either a hysterical she-wolf or a phony, co-opting the Riot Grrrl movement to sell inauthentic rage to the masses.

The public flogging took a toll on the young singer, who found the "white-hot heat of fame" isolating and discombobulating. The musical will no doubt expose a new generation—unburdened by '90s baggage—to *Jagged*. Morissette loves that the production lets the audience "move some energy," she says, and even she tears up when she hears actors performing her songs: "I'm having an empathetic, visceral response in a way I couldn't when I was the one singing." Processing the show's themes with the cast and crew has been something like group therapy. Theater is the antidote to solitude. "We're all witnessing each other," says Morissette. "We're wildly greater than the sum of our parts." —JULIA FELSENTHAL



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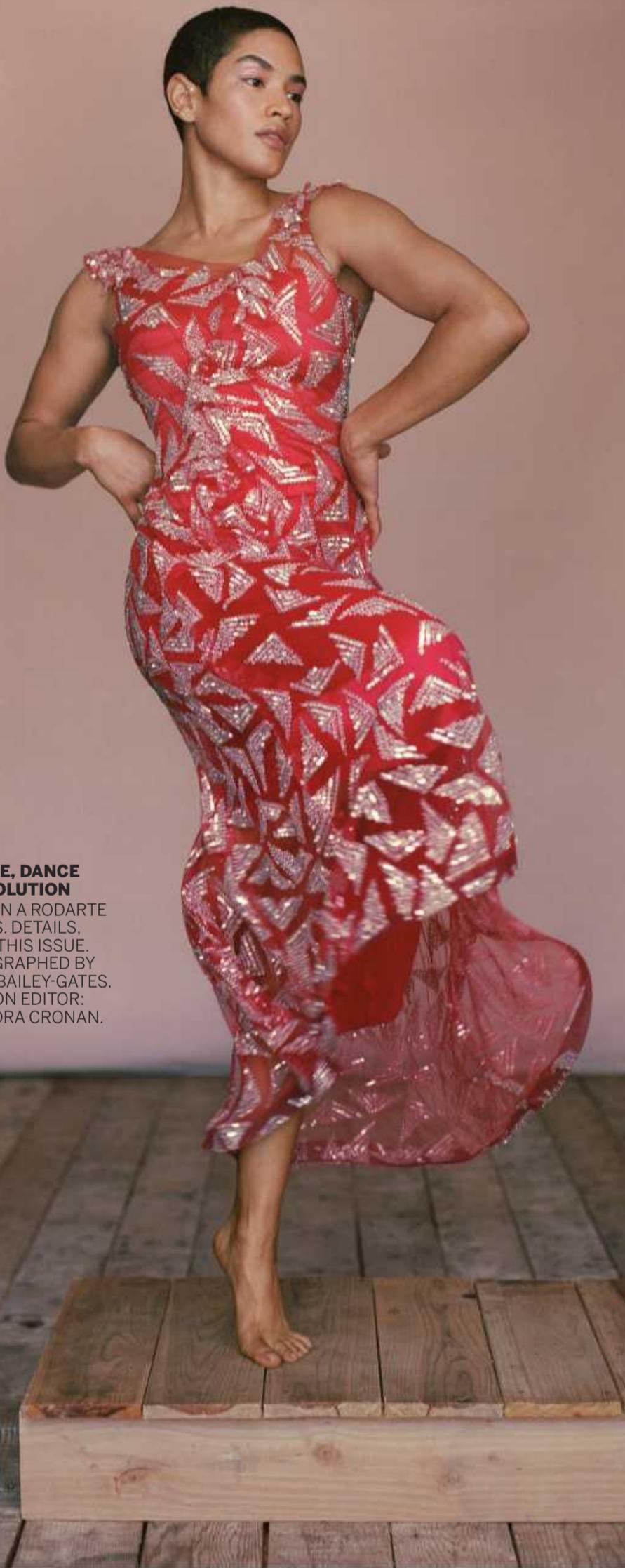


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DANCE, DANCE REVOLUTION

TOWLEY IN A RODARTE DRESS. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL BAILEY-GATES. FASHION EDITOR: ALEXANDRA CRONAN.

Body of Work

An accomplished dancer and choreographer, Mette Towley is taking on Hollywood and the music industry, defying expectations along the way.

TALENT Deep in the San Fernando Valley, Mette Towley is sitting barefoot on a red velvet couch in a shed turned music studio; an oversize silk shirt hangs loosely from her curvy frame, and a single diamond earring dangles from her ear. A producer who goes only by “Jimmy” has just stepped out of the early-evening session, in which he and Towley have been working on songs for her first-ever EP, due this spring. Since 2018, Towley has been spending more time in London, where she filmed *Cats*—the musical motion picture directed by Tom Hooper, out this month. But when she is in Los Angeles, she can typically be found in a studio like this one—often after a morning workout at Modo Yoga or Bündä (“Home of the better butt,” according to its website). “I think I’ve always been more interested in the process than anything else,” explains the barefaced 28-year-old, who has dark, short hair and broad shoulders—40 centimeters across, which is unusual for a dancer, she tells me. Towley is referring as much to the music she’s making as to the last two years of her life, which got her here in the first place.

A Minnesota native who studied American modern dance and dance theory, Towley moved to L.A. in 2013. “I auditioned for everything—cruise lines, private parties,” she recalls. She landed gigs as a backup dancer, most notably in 2014 with Pharrell Williams, with whom she

TALENT>135

toured for more than four years. When Rihanna shaved Towley's head in the opening scene of N.E.R.D and Rihanna's 2017 hit video "Lemon," Towley officially arrived. She was the standout star, delivering a viral performance that dripped with expression, strength, and swagger. She toured globally with N.E.R.D the following summer, and those signature moves earned her her own fan base, not to mention a Revlon contract, a string of high-profile choreography gigs, and a big dose of confidence. "I just finally believed in myself," Towley says.

When she returned from tour, Towley sold most of her personal belongings, downsized her apartment, and started working out five days a week with a trainer—ropes, weighted ball slams, squats, boxing—convinced she'd need to be physically and mentally prepared for a big break. During one of these sessions, at MusclePharm fitness in Burbank, Mike Knobloch, the president of Global Film Music and Publishing at Universal Pictures, interrupted his own workout to approach her. He had seen her dance and was wondering: Would she audition for *Cats*—and could she come in tomorrow? "He asked me if I could sing, too," says Towley, who grew up listening to James Taylor and watching Rosie Perez on *Soul Train*, and Vera-Ellen and Danny Kaye on Turner Classic Movies.

Towley nabbed the role of Cassandra—a Siamese cat and the female counterpart to Munkustrap (played by Robbie

Fairchild)—and while on set for 17 hours a day in oil-based, dark-brown cat makeup and a spandex onesie, she was also waking up at 4:15 a.m. to train for her role in this fall's *Hustlers*. To play a stripper named Justice, Towley transformed again, growing out the hair she had kept short since the Rihanna incident, wearing long neon acrylic nails, and carrying her stripper pole with her everywhere in a golf travel case. While finishing up work on *Cats*, she had a realization: "I was singing live every day; it was a different part of me that I wasn't sharing."

Her as-yet-unnamed EP, which she describes as music to move to with a tempo inspired by electronic/pop dance, will set Towley on a multidisciplinary

path carved out by living legends such as her *Hustlers* costar Jennifer Lopez, which is slightly daunting for someone who still tussles with self-confidence. "The pressure to sustain a particular body image is very intense for dancers from my generation—and women in general," Towley says. "I remember times when I did not feel free in my own body"—an experience that inspired her to create a body-positive comic book. That means Towley will soon add published author to her increasingly crowded résumé, a testament to her belief that performance in any medium is an integral part of how we relate to each other. "We are mirrors for one another."—MOLLY CREEDEN

"The pressure to sustain a particular body image is very intense for dancers from my generation—and women in general"



Highest Heights

Unlikely affairs take flight.

MOVIES Before Instagram or dating sites, there were meticulously crafted oil paintings, commissioned to introduce well-born ladies to suitably moneyed men. This is the task that Marianne (Noémie Merlant) is charged with at the start of Céline Sciamma's *Portrait of a Lady*

on Fire. Ferried across a stormy sea, she's dumped onto a rocky beach on an island off the coast of Brittany, where Héloïse (Adèle Haenel), the daughter of a widowed Italian countess (Valeria Golino), will be her unwitting subject.

Marianne is instructed to let Héloïse think she's been hired as her companion, then paint her from memory at night. When Héloïse discovers the truth, she's less offended by the ruse than

by the lifeless portrait Marianne has produced. So the artist begins again, this time with Héloïse's full participation, and when the countess departs on a trip, an affair between the two women blossoms. Moody, atmospheric, and quietly heartbreakingly, *Portrait of a Lady on Fire* portrays true love as a creative act between equals who see each other for who they are. Their relationship, as smoldering and doomed as an ember, allows them, for a fleeting moment, to be themselves, and to be free.

Set a century later, Tom Harper's semifactual, wholly charming **The Aeronauts** transforms the record-breaking balloon flight of scientists James Glaisher (Eddie Redmayne) and Henry Coxwell into a whimsical Victorian adventure by replacing Coxwell with the fictional Amelia Wren (Felicity Jones)—loosely based on pioneering aeronaut Sophie Blanchard—and sending them up above the clouds. Glaisher is a would-be meteorologist marginalized by the scientific establishment, and Wren is a show-biz balloonist still grieving the accidental death of her husband. The impairment of hypoxia leads to questionable choices at nearly 40,000 feet, and soon Amelia finds herself in a predicament from which only the most vertiginous acrobatic solutions will deliver her. The knee-buckling thrills are enhanced by the gorgeous design, and very nearly matched by the freckly, toothy chemistry between Jones and Redmayne, whose mutual admiration ascends into love.—CARINA CHOCANO

EYE TO EYE

ADÈLE HAENEL (LEFT) AND NOÉMIE MERLANT IN *PORTRAIT OF A LADY ON FIRE*.

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December 2019



ROLE MODEL

Fleabag's second season won Waller-Bridge universal acclaim and a haul of Emmys. Alexander McQueen jacket and pants. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

Say Anything

Ruthlessly uncensored, outrageously hilarious, Phoebe Waller-Bridge has become everyone's favorite truth-teller. After a "ridiculous" year, what taboos will she break next? By Lauren Collins. Photographed by Ethan James Green.

It seems fitting to begin in the bathroom. A seminal scene of *Fleabag*—the show that Phoebe Waller-Bridge wrote, starred in, and blew all our minds with, winning an armload of Emmys in the process—takes place in one, with Waller-Bridge's character cracking period jokes as her sister quietly miscarries in the toilet stall. Outside, in a dark, almost mobby restaurant,

the rest of the family is enduring a god-awful dinner. The bathroom is the sanctum within the bunker, the place where secrets out and blood flows. So, at the end of lunch on a recent October afternoon, when Waller-Bridge suggested a joint trip to the loo ("We can pee together!"), I couldn't help but feel a little anxious. Everything was cheerful, though. "Are you still recording?" Waller-Bridge joked from the adjacent stall. Definitely not, but the line



FACE IN THE CROWD

At 15, Waller-Bridge first came to New York to attend a summer dramatic-arts program, "so desperate to do some cool acting," she says. Christopher Kane jacket and dress. A La Vieille Russie bracelet. Polo Ralph Lauren tote bag (holding dog).



was memorably her: slightly dirty, very droll, heedless of the fourth wall (and the one that separated the toilets). “Anything I can sing or say?” she continued as she washed her hands. I finally had to kick her and her inhibitingly good banter out of the bathroom. “I’m going, I’m going! It would be creepy if I pretended to leave but didn’t, wouldn’t it?” she said, her posh, redolent voice lingering as the door swung shut.

We were at The Playwright, a midtown pub and restaurant that is a sentimental favorite of perhaps no one except Phoebe Waller-Bridge. She first went there in 2000, as a London teenager participating in a summer program at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. “It’s kind of mad because my sister was 17 and I was 15 and so desperate to do some cool acting. We both auditioned and got in, and my parents let us come,” she recalled at the beginning of the meal. They lived in student housing near the Port Authority Bus Terminal. “We did a few hours of acting every day and then tore it up,” Waller-Bridge said. Their bar was The Playwright, chosen less for its booze-for-the-job-you-want vibe than for what Waller-Bridge remembered as a relaxed door policy. Their drink was a Cosmopolitan; their dinner, the crispy calamari. “I had a snog right there,” Waller-Bridge said at one point, indicating a dark corner of the bar. “And I thought he was gay!” Now, a couple of decades later, we stuck with water and vacillated about salads: Southwest, shrimp Caesar? “We could get both and share?” Waller-Bridge suggested.

Fleabag began in 2013, as a one-woman show at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. Nominally, it’s about a 20-something woman—technically anonymous but widely known as Fleabag—who used to run a guinea pig-themed café with her best friend, and now runs it alone because her best friend died in a horrible way for which she is still trying to figure out her measure of responsibility. The stage version of *Fleabag* is starker and darker than the television one. When I saw Waller-Bridge perform it

“The moment I know something is politically correct is the moment I want to be a little rebel”

a few months ago, in London, a truly raunchy line involving a sandwich bun and a hairdresser had the crowd in shrieks. Channeling the toothy suitor known as Tube Rodent, she rearranged her face in a way that I would have thought impossible without the surgical removal of a jawbone. Last spring in New York, Hillary Clinton attended a performance and joined Waller-Bridge for a meal and a glass of wine afterward. “She was fantastic. I asked her if she could relate to the character,” Waller-Bridge recalled. “She said she didn’t personally, but she was very interested in the origins of the play and my perception of how women my age were feeling at the time I was writing it. I was hyperaware that she was in the audience, principally because the guinea pig in the play is called Hilary, which obviously gave the whole performance a gripping frisson.”

Waller-Bridge was in New York at the end of a monthlong stay in America. The trip had begun in Los Angeles, where she attended the Emmys. She had been the star of the night, taking home the awards for outstanding lead actress in a comedy series and outstanding writing for a comedy series. *Killing Eve*, a voluptuous thriller that she created (her synopsis, “murder, murder, good hair,” is as good as any), also garnered nine nominations. “Well, this is just getting ridiculous!” Waller-Bridge said, from the stage, after *Fleabag* won for outstanding comedy series. “Phoebe celebrates women and writes them in their entirety,” said Jodie Comer, who won lead actress in a drama series for her role as Villanelle, *Killing Eve*’s insouciant assassin. “I think she is telling us that there are no rules, or at least not to play by them.”

This fall, Ian Griffiths, the Max Mara creative designer, sent models down the runway in tailored,

POINT OF VIEW

With an Amazon production deal worth a reported \$20 million per year, Waller-Bridge is keen (and well equipped) to provoke: “I always want to be dangerous.” Alexander McQueen jacket, dress, and shoes. A La Vieille Russie earring.





DANCE FEVER

"I think at the moment, it is the happiest I've ever seen her," says Waller-Bridge's older sister (and *Fleabag* collaborator), Isobel. Waller-Bridge wears a Dries Van Noten top, skirt, jeans, and boots.



EXIT
THROUGH
BACK DOOR

secret agent-like separates that were inspired by *Killing Eve* and Waller-Bridge, who, he said, “has taken a genre and twisted it into something contemporary.” She is extremely interested in clothes, as far as her characters go (she wrote Villanelle’s genre-exploding pink tulle dress into the *Killing Eve* script), and says, “When you land on an outfit that you *love*, there’s no greater feeling” (a navy velvet suit by Bella Freud, for example). Still, she said, “I maintain the right to leave the house looking like shit, in my pajamas.” At lunch, she was wearing sneakers, with a Woody Woodpecker ringer tee and a pair of pleated pants the color of toffee. A Harris Tweed blazer sat on the back of her chair. “I find dressing really stressful, just that decision every day,” she said. “You want to just Steve Jobs it.”

I asked her what an English person does when confronted with raging success. “I think you probably have one too many gin-and-tonics and have all your friends take the piss out of you,” she said. The evidence, however—in the form of a picture of Waller-Bridge, taken at an Emmys after-party—suggests that she revels in the thrill of it all, tipping her head back with the undefended elation of someone who believes in the legitimacy of her accomplishment. The picture did not so much break the internet as it did encourage the internet to take off its sweatpants, put on a shimmery Monique Lhuillier gown, and go hold court in a high-backed chair that looked like a throne while smoking a cigarette with one hand and balancing a cocktail in the other. “People describe Phoebe as really cool, but, I don’t know, I feel that she’s not cool,” said Andrew Scott, a longtime friend of Waller-Bridge, whom she cast as the “hot priest” in *Fleabag*. “Cool suggests detached and indifferent, and I think she’s actually the opposite of that, a boundless enthusiast for life.”

The morning after the ceremony, Waller-Bridge showed up at Scott’s hotel room for a hungover debrief. The after-party drink, for the record, had been a vodka gimlet. “The gimlet

came into my life about a year and a half ago,” Waller-Bridge said. “I have really always wanted a cocktail that you order with total confidence; you know, that thing that you order and everyone’s like, Holy shit, she knows what she’s doing with her entire life.” Even if the picture was glorious, it wasn’t exactly role-model material. I asked Waller-Bridge if she gave the friend who took it permission to post it on Instagram. “He always asks for approval,” she said. “And I was like, Yes, fuck yes! Approved. *So approved.*”

Waller-Bridge’s sense of mischief comes from a place of security. She grew up in Ealing, a genteel suburb of London, with baronets and a member of Parliament in the family tree. (“Is Phoebe Waller-Bridge a Tory?” is one of the questions that comes up when you Google her. Her reply: “I’ve never seen that! What the hell! I don’t know what’s worse—the idea that people are writing that with hope or fear? No, I’m not a Tory. Proudly not a Tory.”) The Waller-Bridge household was a hive of sociability. “There is and was always lots going on—music, chatting, laughing, people, and sharing bits of creative work

“I feel like making a joke is a risk in any situation, which is why I love people that try”

with our parents and friends,” Isobel Waller-Bridge, Phoebe’s older sister, said. Her father, Michael, cofounded the first electronic stock market in Europe before moving into venture capital and reinventing himself as a portrait photographer. Her mother, Teresa, is an administrator at The Ironmongers’ Company, a 700-year-old guild in London. (They divorced when Phoebe was in her early 20s.) Waller-Bridge, who also has a younger brother, Jasper, is extremely close with her siblings. Isobel, a composer, wrote the music for *Fleabag* and, more recently, for a runway show

for Alexander McQueen. “We do a lot of talking, almost casually—waiting for a bus, walking to the shop, making cups of tea,” Isobel said. “So it’s always part of our consciousness, and then often we’ll accidentally go down a rabbit hole for hours, and will usually come out the other side with something we’re excited about.”

For a while in her 20s, after graduating from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, Waller-Bridge had a guinea pig-themed café of an acting career. She was temping, auditioning, getting no roles. “I think I felt like the most important thing was how I looked—especially in your 20s, when everyone’s like, ‘Cash in on it now because you haven’t got a lot of time!’” Waller-Bridge recalled. “Hair was everything.” Obviously, Waller-Bridge, as a beautiful, privately educated white woman, had a lot, practically everything, going for her; she has acknowledged that it is “absolutely probably true” that she had opportunities others didn’t. Still, the need to appear perfect kept her from accessing deeper forms of expression. “I had to remember how to be free,” she continued. “I was always trying to please, to do the right kind of acting.”

Frustrated, even infuriated, by the experience, she began creating her own material, often working with her best friend, the writer and director Vicky Jones. Waller-Bridge had had a couple of romantic relationships that lasted a couple of years (“In the interims I’d go crazy,” she recalled), but Jones was her “first love,” the person who immediately got her, activating the say-anything vulnerability out of which creativity flows. They lived together for years, continuing to share a flat even after Jones met her fiancé and got pregnant. (Waller-Bridge is executive-producing and acting in Jones’s comedy-thriller *Run*, which will air on HBO next year.) Together they founded a theater company called DryWrite. “It was about writers being able to write anonymously so that they could be more fearless, and I was like, ‘Jesus, I was going on about that when I was 10!’” Waller-Bridge said. “You realize that these

things come back that you've been banging on about for so long."

A BBC executive who caught *Fleabag* at Edinburgh in 2013 called Waller-Bridge's agent the next day and signed her to adapt it for television. Around the same time, she wrote *Crashing* for Channel 4, starring as Lulu, a sort of proto-*Fleabag* who wreaks havoc upon her roommates by forcing them to blurt out divisive truths while she strums a ukulele. After airing in the United Kingdom, *Fleabag* premiered on Amazon in 2016 and finished its second and final season earlier this year. At the end of November, Ballantine will publish *Fleabag: The Scriptures*, a completist's dream of a book, including the show's full scripts and Waller-Bridge's commentary.

In the transition from stage to screen, *Fleabag* gained some characters and lost one shocking plot twist. What remained is a structural rigor that separates the show from the looser, more oversharey work with which it is often categorized, mainly because its creator is a young woman. "I get asked who inspired me as writers, and I realized I'd always been slightly embarrassed to admit it, because it seems so obvious, but, like, the Greek plays! Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare—all the ones you think you can't say because they're great. I'm now owning that," she told me. Waller-Bridge is almost architectural in her mapping of the public and private spaces of our psyches, the distances from front to core. She takes a wrecking ball to the collective unacknowledged, the unsayable desires and doubts that people think they are bearing alone. Her work feels like television in the first person. "One of the most amazing effects she's had on me is that she's made me have no fear as well," Jenny Robins, Waller-Bridge's story producer, said. "I used to ask myself, Do I say that? Is that funny? Is that a bit dark? Does anyone else feel that? But when I'm working with her, I would say anything and everything and never feel worried about it."

Somewhere in the ether, there is a draft email that is worth as much as a small jet. It's titled "Funnies"; it is addressed to no one. Waller-Bridge, who recently signed what is reported

to be a \$20 million-a-year deal with Amazon, has been adding to the draft for the past decade, accumulating material for future projects. "I could have a notebook, but I know I'd lose it, so I just write ideas down and bring them out every time I have a show," she said. The ideas go onto

decade and was solidly into her 30s. "It's so hard because you change," she said. "You're trying to write authentically all the time. You have to write that change, and coming into the second season, it was like, you have to, you know, inverted commas, 'give the people what they want.'

"Cool suggests detached and indifferent," said Andrew Scott.

"She's the opposite of that, a boundless enthusiast for life"

Post-it notes, which go onto a wall. Sometimes she'll build an entire episode to showcase a single joke, as she did with the *Fleabag* episode in which Fleabag's sister, Claire, gets a haircut that looks like a semicolon draped itself over her skull. Waller-Bridge likes to write in bed, often late at night, right up to the brink of a deadline. "Sometimes she'll write on her computer and then link to a TV screen in my house, so I can look at what she's typing as she's doing it," Robins said. (Imagine having a live feed of what is going on in Phoebe Waller-Bridge's head.)

"I love a note; I love to pitch," Waller-Bridge told me as we wandered through Central Park. We'd ended up there after lunch, taking Eighth Avenue and eating Peanut Butter M&Ms that she produced from her bag as we walked.

"Look at him, though, he's so old," she said, pointing out a retriever. "I like old dogs. Old dogs have stories to tell."

"There are going to be a lot of them," I said. "Get ready."

"I know. You're going to have to put me on a leash."

Waller-Bridge really did not want to do a second season of *Fleabag*. Harry Bradbeer, who directed both seasons of the show, told me, "She was stumped, stumped, stumped—and depressed about it. She didn't want to do something that wasn't good enough." By the time *Fleabag* became a hit, Waller-Bridge had been living with it for the better part of a

"Yay!" she said suddenly. "My God."

I turned to see a woman, at the edge of the path, feeding a squirrel out of the palm of her hand.

"I think it was a cashew," Waller-Bridge concluded. "Pretty swanky for a squirrel."

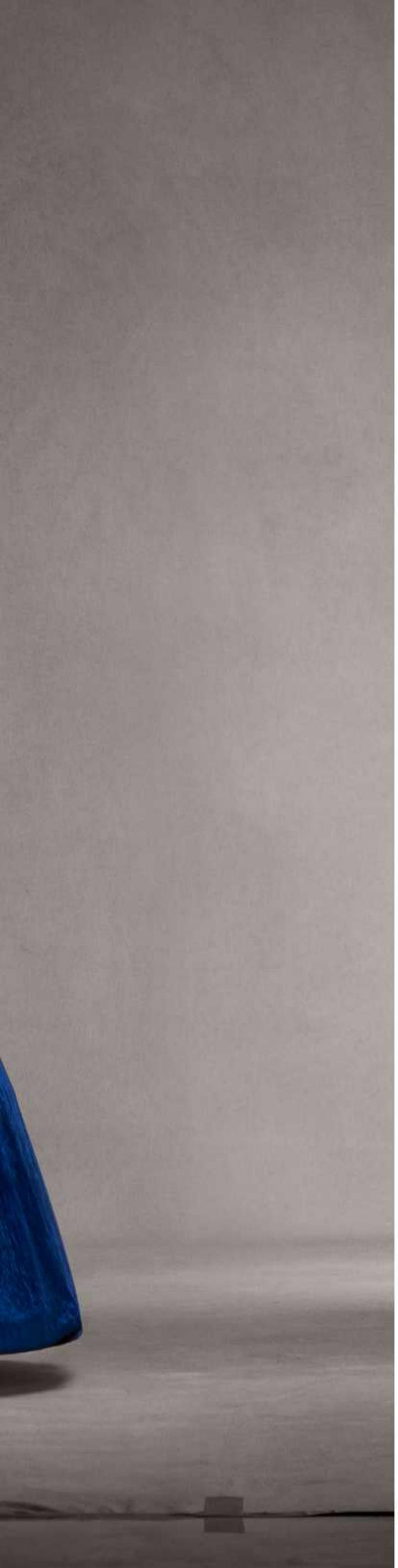
We were trying to get to the boathouse, but we weren't really giving navigating our all. At one point, we rounded a corner, sure that we were about to arrive at a glimmering lake, only to dead-end at a bunch of dumpsters. "I love that we were both very much drawn to this part of the park," Waller-Bridge said. "This is the nourishing, calming place we need to go."

It wasn't until Waller-Bridge realized that the second season of *Fleabag* had to be a love story—"an adult love story, but with teenaged feelings"—that her anxiety began to lift. (The feelings about the romance between her character and the hot priest were intense enough that, after the season premiere, searches for the word *religious* on the site Pornhub spiked by a 162%.) On the subject of love: Waller-Bridge was married for three years to the documentary filmmaker Conor Woodman. After their divorce in 2017, she began dating the Irish-British playwright Martin McDonagh. Sensibly, she didn't want to discuss either of them. "I'm much braver in my writing life," she said.

We got to talking, in general terms, about a kind of withdrawal between friends that can happen in your 30s.

**BELLWETHER**

“Sometimes you feel it's braver to say something outrageous, and it's not always. Sometimes it's braver to say the vulnerable thing.” Balenciaga dress. Cartier ring.



“It’s so true, isn’t it? We used to share so freely,” Waller-Bridge said as we discussed the lockdown that ensues when people start pairing off and nobody wants to admit what’s going on inside their relationships. Drama in your love life doesn’t feel like failure when you’re young, she said. “Because the stakes are so low. But then you choose someone who is in some ways going to define your life, and is probably defining or molding who you grow to be because you’re with him all the time. And you want the best. You want the best possible, so you’re not going to——”

Someone interrupted to ask for a selfie, which Waller-Bridge warmly obliged.

“I think the first half of your life, you’re trying to find out who you are, and you’re kind of knocking yourself against things, and testing things the whole time, to help kind of sculpt yourself,” she said, picking up the thread. “Then later, when you’ve got as close to sculpted as possible, you’re like, Don’t touch anything, in case it changes me.”

“It’s a much more protective way of moving through the world,” I said.

“Yeah—someone might just knock the nose off the sculpture,” Waller-Bridge replied. She added, self-deprecatingly, “To be fair, I wouldn’t mind a little centimeter or two.”

Waller-Bridge could not get enough of the animal kingdom of Central Park. At one point a puppy walked by, and she exclaimed, “That is what my mom would call a snack!” The first thing she wanted to do when she got back to London, she said, was to adopt a rescue dog. She thought maybe she’d actually name it Snack. I had resolved not to ask Waller-Bridge about her maternal desires, or lack thereof. But she wanted to know how I felt about having kids, and at a certain point it felt ungenerous not to reciprocate. “I don’t know,” she said. “It’s weird. I love kids. No, I feel like there’s so much happening. I guess I’ve become quite a see-what-life-throws-at-you kind of person. I think I would like to. I love hanging out with kids—you know, good ones.”

We were absolutely sure we were getting close to the boathouse. Waller-Bridge was talking about how one of the most poignant things in

the world is seeing the banal little moments of bravery—a haircut, a quip, a trendy hat—that people venture in an effort to connect. “I feel like making a joke is a risk in any situation, which is why I love people that try,” she said. She went on, “When you meet someone, for me anyway, working out what makes them laugh is one of the things that helps you figure out who they are. You know those things that humans can do that are just totally free? Like, outside of what clothes you wear, or what restaurant you’re at, or what your upbringing was, or anything. It’s just like sex is two naked people, a thing that people do, that happens everywhere all over the world. And what’s glorious is that you realize that you’re completely naked and you’ve used nothing, you’ve just used each other. And that’s beautiful.”

Waller-Bridge has quickly gathered as much momentum as one could hope to have in Hollywood. There are the Emmys, the role in *Solo: A Star Wars Story*, the fact that Daniel Craig recruited her to punch up the script of *No Time to Die*, the forthcoming James Bond movie. She was chary about the financial details of the Amazon deal, while making it clear, in an understated fashion, that it had not left her wanting. When I asked about equal pay, she replied, “My agents are very hot on that, and then they know that I feel really strongly about it. So, yeah, all those conversations happened.” She is writing a feature film, which she wants to direct, based on an idea that hit her one morning, like a “bolt out of the blue,” just after she finished *Fleabag*. Exactly what it’s about is a closely guarded secret, but Waller-Bridge let slip that it will involve a close collaboration with her sister. “I’ve always loved the idea of starting with a sound and working backward,” she said. “A lot of times, I’ll write something and go to her and say, ‘Can you score it?’ and with this one, she and I have been talking about the score before I’ve even finished the movie.”

The *Fleabag* director Bradbeer told me that Waller-Bridge takes a “tickle,

tickle, slap” approach to her work, seducing the audience with laughter and then hitting them square in the face with something shocking. Even if she is known for an inward-focused, intimate kind of comedy, her jokes can have a sly political edge. Two weeks after the Emmys, she hosted *Saturday Night Live* for the first time. In her monologue, she observed that women are becoming franker than ever about their sex lives. “Whereas straight men, these days, you are allowed one fantasy,” she said, holding up a schoolmarmish finger. “If you’re looking up anything other than a woman in her 30s in the missionary position, you are a pervert.” It was especially interesting as a poke at the pieties of the post-#MeToo era—a nibble on the hand of the industry that has just begun to feed her so extravagantly. “The moment I know something is politically correct is the moment I want to be a little rebel,” Waller-Bridge told me. She added, “If you don’t go and fuck something up at least a little bit, then what’s the point?”

Eventually we made it to the boathouse. The lake looked perfect, a no-filter fall wonder of leaf and light. We got in line to rent a rowboat. In front of us, a man was holding a boathouse-provided metal container with his female companion’s purse inside.

“I won’t carry a handbag, so I will carry it in a box,” Waller-Bridge said, perfectly channeling a Central Park romance bro.

We got the boat and pushed off. Unsurprisingly, Waller-Bridge is a big larks-and-diversions person. (Current favorite: the card game Dobble.) She was a natural, lifting and dipping the oars as though she were pedaling a bicycle with her hands. She seemed thrilled to be breathing fresh air. New York had been a blur of rehearsal rooms. In her little bit of free time, she’d gone to see *Joker*, which she thought was “absolutely brilliant.” “I think the reason people got so uncomfortable is because it feels too true, too raw,” she said. “I was watching it and thinking to myself, God, if this came out a year into Obama’s time in office, I don’t think we’d be feeling as worried about it.

“Turtle Ibiza!” Waller-Bridge said, steering toward a rock on which

“She is telling us that there are no rules,” said Jodie Comer, “or at least not to play by them”

dozens and dozens of turtles were splayed out in the dwindling sun.

We rowed and rowed. At one point, Waller-Bridge, a buoyant conversationalist, told me about how the novelist Patricia Highsmith used to smuggle snails through customs in her bra. As the sky clouded over, her head-girl merriment faded and she relaxed into a quiet seriousness. “I always want to be dangerous,” she’d told me at lunch. I asked what she wanted to do with all the power she was accumulating, what taboos were calling her name now.

She said that there were “much harder jokes about America” that she’d toyed around with for the *SNL* monologue and ultimately left out, feeling that they were inappropriate. Like what? “Just about the abortion laws, the kind of stuff you can’t get your head around. The fact that the world has gone backward in this way, and actually in some frightening sense, in so many ways, women have a louder voice, are more empowered these days, and then in these other really insidious ways, blatant ways, we’re being marginalized again. How do you fight that? Because if you rant and rave, if you try and make a noise, you’ll be labeled noisy. You have to be careful of that. You have to find ways to protest. I’d really like to write something about that. I don’t know what it is yet.” She continued, “Sometimes you feel it’s braver to say something outrageous, and it’s not always. Sometimes it’s braver to say the vulnerable thing.”

She had stopped rowing. We were in the middle of the lake, where it was silent and still.

“I feel like I might scale up a bit,” she said a few seconds later. “I’ll scale up in terms of gradually getting bigger with my themes and stuff, and I feel maybe I want to start thinking more politically, more globally. I don’t know, but I can feel something bubbling.” □

FUNNY BUSINESS

Marc Jacobs dress. A La Vieille Russie ring. In this story: hair, Orlando Pita; makeup, Aaron de Mey. Details, see In This Issue.





SCOTTS' HONOR

If the capacious sleeves and quaint Chelsea collars on these Miu Miu dresses feel sweetly old-fashioned, their wearers' dazzling embellishments—and long, beaded braids—sing with contemporary savoir faire. **FROM NEAR RIGHT:** Model Bria Scott and her sister, model Indira Scott, each wear a **Miu Miu** dress; miumiu.com. **Larkspur & Hawk** earring. **Paco Rabanne** belt. **Fashion Editor:** Alex Harrington.

Family Matters

• Today's most enchanting evening looks are as brilliantly varied—short! long! understated! extravagant!—as the women who wear them. Here, nine models enlist the help of their siblings and children to do dress-up their own way.

Photographed by
Tina Barney.







UP IN THE AIR

To read this particular room, thronged with gilded frames and heaps of well-thumbed books, is to detect a preppy nonchalance—and the perfect touch of glittering mystique. Model Tatjana Patitz—pictured with her son, Jonah Johnson—wears a rhinestone-dappled **Marc Jacobs** dress (Marc Jacobs, NYC) and an **A La Vieille Russie** earring.



RULES OF THE GAME

When a dress is as exquisitely wrought as this one from **Alexander McQueen** (Alexander McQueen, NYC), why save it for a dusky gala evening? Model Yasmin Warsame pays an especially glamorous call to the rec room, while her son, Hamza (seen with his sister, Maya), opts for a sporty **Gucci** jacket and **Champion** hoodie. On Warsame: **Kentshire** earring. **Alexander McQueen** necklaces.



DEN MOTHER

There's a time and a place for pops of saturated color—see the bright-pink top under her son Mingus's chic dark suit—but model Helena Christensen also knows the virtues of a sophisticated black sheath. **Burberry** dress, \$4,190; burberry.com. Mingus Reedus wears a **Celine by Hedi Slimane** jacket and pants. **Alexander McQueen** shirt. **Converse** sneakers.



ALL DOLLED UP

While her daughter, Mia Vishnyakova, stacks blocks, model Sasha Pivovarova sits pretty, swathed in the fanciful lengths of a **Valentino** dress (Valentino boutiques).







FREE RADICALS

Model Grace Valentine's boldly abbreviated (and intricately embroidered) **Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello** minidress (Saint Laurent, NYC) meets its effortlessly cool, just-threw-this-on match in her brother Prosper's vintage band tee.



THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Model Paloma Elsesser (CENTER), joined by her brother, Sage, and sister, Ama, serves up disco-ready shimmer in a **Bottega Veneta** shirtdress (\$3,780) and knit dress (both at bottegaveneta.com). With her sky-high curls and leg-of-mutton sleeves, Ama, in a **Versace** minidress (versace.com), makes a similarly convincing dancing queen. **Larkspur & Hawk** necklace. In this story: hair, Mustafa Yanaz; makeup, Fara Homidi. Details, see In This Issue.



AMC USA



SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

Nestled in the country's Rif mountains, Chefchaouen is noted for its blue walls. Floating like clouds against one of them are Imaan and Aicha Hammam in cotton pieces embellished with constellations of lace. Imaan (NEAR RIGHT) wears **Alberta Ferretti's** San Gallo lace top (\$1,095) and skirt (\$795; both at Barneys New York, NYC). Aicha wears a **Marchesa Notte** sleeveless dress, \$695; marchesa.com.

Fashion Editor:
Camilla Nickerson.

Show

In Morocco's fabled blue city, sisters Imaan and Aicha Hammam set hearts aflutter in handcrafted dresses that take time-honored craft traditions into a new era. Photographed by Zoë Ghertner.

of Hand





TWO FOR THE ROAD

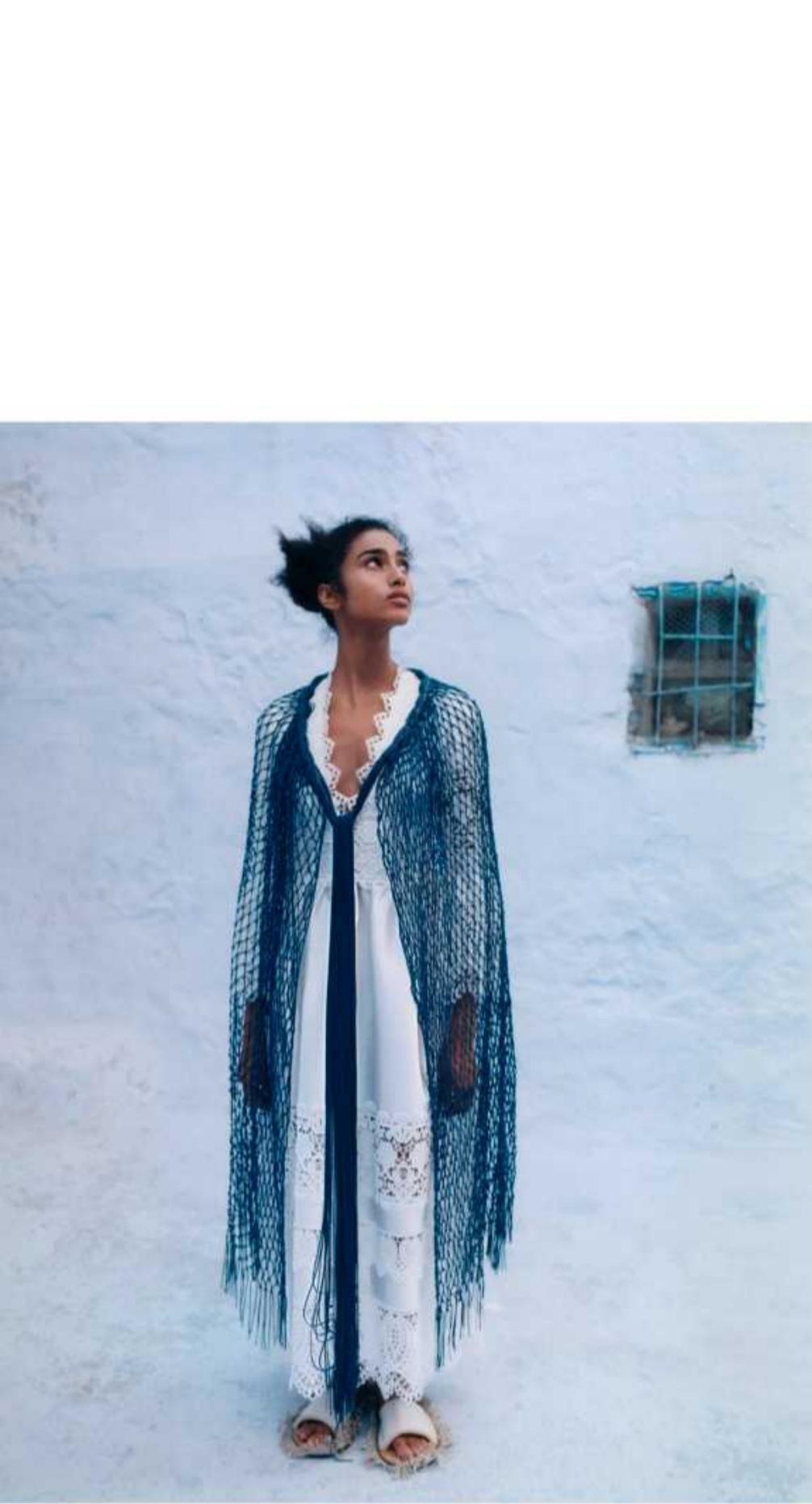
Yves Saint Laurent had an amour fou with Morocco. Anthony Vaccarello, who now holds the reins at Saint Laurent, continues that love story with Imaan's djellaba-style **Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello** caftan (\$2,490), worn over studded leather-and-suede pants (\$3,590; both at Saint Laurent, NYC). Aicha wears a **Gabriela Hearst** linen dress (\$2,990) over leather pants (\$3,500; both at gabrielahearst.com). On both: **Marni** slides.





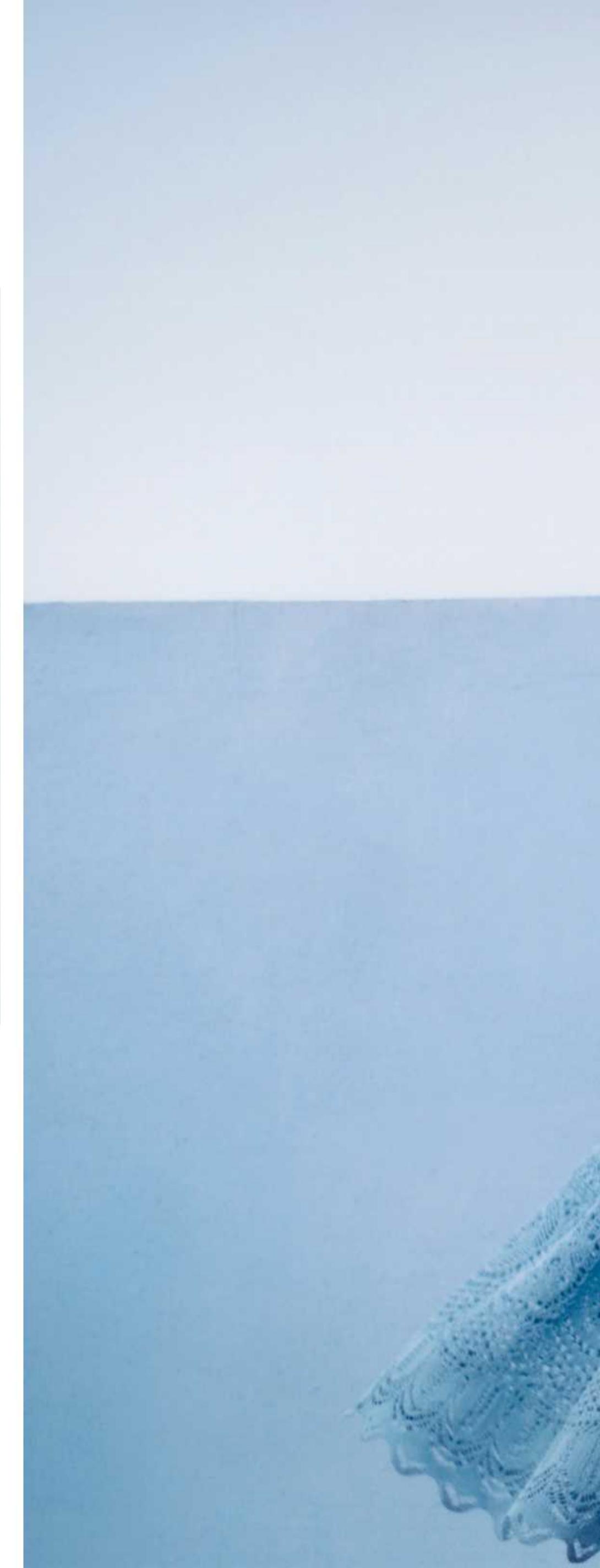
CONNECT THE DOTS

Christian Dior's Maria Grazia Chiuri is one of the designers working to make sure traditional handcrafts survive and thrive in the 21st century. Imaan wears Dior's dream of a wool-and-silk guipure dress (800-929-DIOR), which combines Edwardian elegance with a refreshing airiness.



FRINGE BENEFITS

In a frothy and tiered lace-trimmed-silk **Erdem** dress (\$4,550; erdem.com) and **Loewe** leather mesh cape (Loewe, Miami, FL), Imaan seems to have walked out of a Whistler portrait.





CROCHET CACHET

Imaan wears an **Alexander McQueen** neo-Victorian lace-knit-and-macramé dress (Alexander McQueen, NYC) that is every bit as many-splendored as a lantern hung in a Marrakech souk.



APPLIED ARTS

Keep-forever pieces not only set spirits soaring—they're essential as fashion addresses the behemoth of sustainability. Imaan wears **The Row's** sleeveless lace guipure dress with hand-appliquéd tone-on-tone flowers; The Row, NYC. Aicha wears a **Jil Sander** knitted cotton dress with sweeping falls of fringe, \$2,450; jilsander.com. On both: **Alexander McQueen** sandals.



PRODUCED BY AP STUDIO. SPECIAL THANKS TO RIAD JIBLI IN CHEFCHAOUEN.



NIP AND TUCK

Miuccia Prada makes much of a simple silhouette by mixing prints and applying smocking to the high neck and waist. **Prada** dress, \$3,260; prada.com. In this story: hair, Jimmy Paul; makeup, Susie Sobol. Shot on location in Chefchaouen, Morocco. Details, see In This Issue.

WHEN *WEST SIDE STORY* opened on Broadway more than 60 years ago, it shocked critics with its savage depiction of racially motivated teenage gang violence on the streets of New York City—even as Leonard Bernstein’s ravishing jazz- and Latin-inflected symphonic score, Stephen Sondheim’s virtuosic lyrics, and Jerome Robbins’s hormonally kinetic dances beguiled audiences, who fell in love with librettist Arthur Laurents’s retelling of *Romeo and Juliet*. In the intervening decades, this once-groundbreaking musical has been enshrined as a classic, its gritty surface burnished to a nostalgic glow. As a result, *West Side Story* can seem to contemporary audiences, in many ways, as much of an artifact of a vanished era as, say, *The Music Man*, the show that beat it out for best musical at the 1958 Tony Awards.

Enter Ivo van Hove, the brilliant Belgian bad boy of experimental theater who, with his radically reconceived takes on such Arthur Miller classics as *The Crucible* and *A View From the Bridge*, has become a Broadway hit-maker. He and the Belgian doyenne of modern dance, Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker, are bringing a new, hotly anticipated vision of *West Side Story* to Broadway for the first time in a decade.

“When I listened to it again, when I read it again, I discovered this very brutal world, a divided world where people search for unity by exclusion of the other—the person who is not like you,” van Hove says. “It seemed as if it were written yesterday. So

that’s our aspiration: to make a *West Side Story* for the 21st century.”

Though van Hove is known for gleefully dismantling conventional notions of familiar works, he has a deep reverence for *West Side Story* and its creators, and he’s aware that audiences will come with built-in expectations. “The biggest challenge,” he says, “will be to seduce them to follow our way of telling this story.” To that end, he’s employing a device that will be familiar to fans of his work, notably last season’s stage adaptation of *Network*: video (courtesy of Luke Halls, projected onto Jan Versweyveld’s sets), which will be used to bring action from the streets, as well as the wider world, into the theater.

But van Hove’s signature is stripping works down to their essentials to reveal them anew. As such, he’ll be rearranging a few numbers and is planning to use the version of “America” from the 1961 film rather than the original. More controversially, the show will be trimmed to run without an intermission by cutting the “Somewhere” ballet and—gasp!—“I Feel Pretty.” The changes have not only been approved by the creators’ estates but, in fact, reflect the original desires of Sondheim, still going strong at 89, who candidly confessed in his 2010 book *Finishing the Hat* that he had long been uncomfortable with some of the lyrics of the latter song. Van Hove isn’t streamlining to be perverse; the show’s action takes place over 48 hours, and he wants the production to capture that race against time. “I want to make a juggernaut,” he says. “You feel that these people are running toward their death and there’s no escape from it.”

Youth, of course, is the driving force of *West Side Story*, something that has always made the show notoriously difficult to cast. As Bernstein recalled years after the original production, “Everybody has either to be or seem to be a teenager, to sing a very difficult score, to act a very difficult role, and dance

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

Director Ivo van Hove has done more than brush the dust off *West Side Story* for its new Broadway run. He’s reinvented it. By Adam Green. Photograph by Ethan James Green.

A Whole New Story

A LOVE SUPREME

Shereen Pimentel, who plays Maria, made her Broadway debut at age nine in *The Lion King*. Isaac Powell plays Tony, her star-crossed love and former leader of the Jets gang. Pimentel wears a Reformation dress. Powell wears an AllSaints jacket and A.P.C. jeans. In this story: hair, Mia Neal; makeup, Andrew Sotomayor, using Caí Para Mi. Contributing Menswear Editor: Justin Fernandez. Fashion Editor: Phyllis Posnick.





ANIMAL HOUSE

The Duchess of Beaufort and Matt Ramsden, Master of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, tend to the hounds in the North Hall, which was rebuilt in 1740 by James Gibb. The 1734 painting is by John Wootton, who was a groom at Badminton before he became an accomplished sporting artist.

Sittings Editor: Hamish Bowles.



The Run of the Place

After years as a teacher and a journalist, Georgia Beaufort has assumed a commanding new role: proprietress of Badminton House in Gloucestershire, an estate with deep roots in an Arcadian past. Plum Sykes pays a visit. Photographed by Simon Upton.



He Duchess of Beaufort is the kind of woman who manages stressful moments by telling her husband, Harry, the 12th duke, that “I need to do a Latin translation.” “It’s a metaphor for doing something I can control,” she tells me. “Although sometimes I do go and look at a Latin poetry book.”

Georgia Beaufort and I are in the Yellow Room, a.k.a. the Duchess’s Sitting Room, at Badminton House, Gloucestershire, the seat of the Somerset family since the 1600s, on a sunny Tuesday in early May. In two days’ time, she is expecting 800 for drinks, then 33 guests to stay for the weekend, as well as 80 for lunch and 40 for dinner on Saturday, but the duchess is so happily relaxed that this visitor has to assume she has been meditating on Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* for weeks prior. A welcoming fire dances in the grate, the mantelpiece above which hangs a Reynolds depicting the 5th duke and his tutor, and the walls are adorned with family oils. A laptop is open on Georgia’s leather-topped desk, strewn with recipes, books, family photographs, fabric swatches, letters, and invitations. “This room is a metaphor

for the style of the entire house,” explains Georgia, who, with her blonde bob, wide brown eyes, and twinkling smile, has the face of a ’30s heroine. “From the outside, Badminton looks palatial, with its Palladian-style façades, but the interior feels informal. When Harry’s parents did it up in the 1980s, they weren’t afraid to make it cozy, but they had the taste to retain the elegance. So there are grand things and comfy things.”

Perched on the edge of a squidgy sofa upholstered in a dusky Colefax floral, Georgia has a notebook on her lap and an erasable pen in hand—“a key piece of kit,” she informs me, an amused look on her face. Dressed in skinny olive-green pants, a cotton shirt, and white Converse sneakers, Her Grace (as duchesses are known in the U.K.) has been in situ for only a year, but with her husband she is hosting the Olympic-qualifying Badminton Horse Trials this coming weekend for the second time. The 10-day run-up has

HIGH VOLUME

The library contains a spectacular collection of books and albums, ancestral portraits and photographs.



GREEN STREAK

ABOVE: A series of rose beds in the South Garden—16 in all—were designed in 1990 by the 11th Duke and Duchess, in collaboration with François Goffinet. LEFT: The sport of badminton takes its name from the house, where it was invented in the 1870s. BELOW: The Fuchsia Room, characterized by tall, fluted columns and pink posy-printed fabrics.





CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

ABOVE: The duchess (in Valentino Haute Couture) in the Warm Conservatory, its walls climbing with Millfield Gem, a rare hybrid ivy pelargonium. RIGHT: The round swimming pool, with its soaring fountain, in front of the Orangerie.

been fraught with planning, but now, at 10:45, there is a break for a glance over the weekend's bedroom situation.

Georgia has an inventory in front of her, titled GUEST ROOMS. Next to FUCHSIA ROOM, she scribbles "Sophie and Bruce Robinson" (the iconic *Withnail and I* writer). "Okay," she says. TOP PIGEON HOLE and BOTTOM PIGEON HOLE are "for the Fox children. I'm going to put Stella Tennant and her daughter Iris in Caroline's Room and the Edinburgh Room next door." Eventually the list is complete—valuable information that will be distributed to the butlers and housekeepers. When Robin White, the head butler, appears with a tray laid with two delicate 1930s porcelain teacups decorated with the Beaufort crest, a silver teapot, and shortbreads, asking, "What time would you like lunch, Ma'am?," I feel as though I have been transported into a Nancy Mitford novel.

But Georgia is no Mitford fantasy. A whip-smart, Oxford-educated classicist and mother of two (Hope, 21, and Harry, 22, with former husband Toby Coke), she has worked since she left university, first at the BBC, then as a





classics teacher, and finally as deputy editor of the *Daily Telegraph* obituaries pages, until last year, when she married Harry (father of Bobby, 30; Bella, 28; and Xan, 24, with ex-wife Tracy Worcester) and left her job. “I joke that I am now—finally—a housewife,” she says. “But I address this job in an analytical way. I keep a note of everything I say, of conversations I’ve had. I’m doing an audit of every plant in the garden. I’ll send you a copy.” (As promised, she does. It runs to 23 pages.)

Tea consumed, Georgia strides into the Hall to meet the head housekeeper, Vivienne Clark. The terra-cotta arabesque wallpaper by Thomas Willement, which has been here since the early 19th century, contrasts wonderfully with the gilt-framed 17th- and 18th-century portraits lining the room. After various discussions about linen supplies, Georgia tells Viv that she is going to check the bedrooms. “Right, Plum, we’re going to start in the Soap Cupboard,” she adds, springing up the main staircase.

Ihe size of a Manhattan galley kitchen, the Badminton House Soap Cupboard can teach an aspiring hostess volumes. Situated on the first-floor landing, it has a heavy Georgian door and is lined with floor-to-ceiling shelves of Ortigia, Floris, and Jo Malone. Standing inside, Georgia fills a basket with products. “Staying here should feel like a treat, and that means fresh soap in every room,” she says. “I put a new wrapped Floris soap by each bath, as well as a Jo Malone Blackberry and Bay Liquid Soap.” She takes several of each from the stores. “Harry is not a fan of bath gel,” she says, smiling, “but I do it to save soap. People rarely open the wrapped stuff unless they really want to use it.” She then shows me a bowl of half-finished soaps which are retrieved after guests have left. “Family soap,” she says, a wry expression crossing her face.

The house has 20 bedrooms and bathrooms, and it takes us almost two hours to go around all of them, Georgia fluffing bedcovers, stocking the bathrooms, and moving armfuls of 1960s original Penguin paperbacks from one floor to another because “I love having a pile of interesting books on the bedside tables.” (As the granddaughter of writers Anthony Powell and Lady Violet Pakenham, she has broad literary interests.) The bedrooms veer from exotic grandeur to traditional English charm. “You might think everything here is exactly as it always was,” says Georgia as we head into the Fuchsia Room, with its fluted double columns, pink posy-print chintz, and oak-paneled bathroom, “but things are subtly being redone, in keeping with the aesthetic. Why would I tear down 18th-century wallpaper? I like the idea that I am adding a new layer to centuries of layers.” Decorator Nicky Haslam, a guest at their wedding party—a “glam rave” in the ballroom—admires Georgia’s restraint, saying, “The decor is magical. It needs a bit of freshening up, but not too much. Georgia’s a classicist. She won’t go in and rip it up and put in spiky chairs.”

Bedroom duties finished, we head down to the library, where Harry offers me a gin and tonic (gratefully accepted). Tall, affable, and always smiling, the duke, who is also the lead singer in a rock band, the Listening Device, is adored by friends for his laid-back wit. Ever the understated Englishman, he wears his responsibilities lightly,



saying no more than “Well, I’m busier than I used to be” when I ask him how he handles things. His land exceeds 50,000 acres, includes 20 working farms, and is a sublime sporting estate. The Beaufort Hunt and pheasant shoot are considered among the best in the world. Occasionally the duke “lets” a two-day shooting weekend at the house, and, even more rarely, he allows someone to take over the house for a wedding or party.

In the volume-lined library, pale-pink pelargoniums spill from Chinese pots on marble tables behind two capacious sofas, and family photographs, drawings, and letters are propped up against the Peter Lely oil above the fireplace. A Graham Sutherland portrait of Harry’s grandfather the 6th Marquess of Bath perches casually at the back of the drinks tray. Two Canalettos hang in front of the bookcases on either side of the fireplace, painted while the artist toured England from 1748–50. “My mother read every book in this room with a gold spot on the spine,” says Harry, himself a voracious reader. He shows me his mother’s red leather-bound scrapbooks, of which there are 100, each containing news clippings relating to anyone she met. She was ruthless about including unfavorable articles, even about her own family. “My mother was very organized,” says Harry fondly, adding, “She loved a to-do list. I once found one of her to-do lists lying around. Number one was ‘Go for a walk.’ Number two was ‘Watch television.’”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202



BIRDIES OF A FEATHER

The duke's and duchess's daughters and nieces in the North Hall, FROM TOP LEFT: Romy Somerset (in Anna Mason); Bella Somerset (in Erdem); Ella Carr (in Erdem); Rose Somerset (in Erdem); and Hope Coke (in Alessandra Rich). ABOVE: The duke in his study. LEFT: A view of the rigorously geometrical South Garden. Hair and makeup, Sonia Bhogal. Details, see In This Issue.



YOUTH

On the penthouse floor of a downtown hotel, often used for actual bat mitzvahs, I recently participated in a performative version of the Jewish coming-of-age ceremony. As a klezmer band fought to be heard over the crowd's excited chatter, my friend the designer Susan Korn showed her spring Susan Alexandra collection amid hundreds of pink and white balloons and sparkly fuchsia streamers. Korn had asked me to model—along with other comedians, writers, and artists she cast on Instagram—and so I found myself mingling with the show's attendees in a rust-colored bouffant wig, a boldly-hued outfit, and bright-green eye shadow that a makeup artist had slathered all the way up to my eyebrows, a peak example of what countless fashion-blog explainers and Instagram Stories might now refer to as “*Euphoria* makeup.”

Referencing HBO’s Sam Levinson-created hit drama, which follows the lives of a group of teenagers in a nameless California suburb, the term was seemingly ubiquitous at the spring collections in New York, an apt summation of anything resembling the show’s wildly experimental, eminently covetable beauty looks. Despite its focus on people much, much younger than myself, who lead lives infinitely edgier than my own, *Euphoria* exerted its curious grip on me—a woman in her early 40s, with a husband, a child, and a full-time job—when its first season aired this summer. The characters grapple with unrequited love, parent-child conflicts, lost friendships, pregnancy scares, depression, self-loathing, and other age-old adolescent issues presented for a distinctly Gen Z audience. It’s all there: opioid addiction, gender nonconformity, sexting, catfishing, cam-girling, and trawling for one-night stands via the gay-hookup app Grindr. Teens these days, according to the script, are leading grittier and perhaps freer lives than those of the generations before them. And they’re doing so in messy, dark-purple glitter tears dripping low down their cheeks—or Cubist-style eyeliner stretched almost to the temples, like a latter-day Nina Hagen (a reference for a distinctly Gen X audience). I can’t get enough of it.

“It’s about resisting antiquated notions of gender and using makeup as unbridled self-expression for a powerful statement,” Doniella Davy, *Euphoria*’s lead makeup artist, explains of the contagious effect of the pearl-adorned brow line worn by Maddy, the bad-girl cheerleader played by Alexa Demie, or the cloud-shaped outlines that the transgender Jules, played by Hunter Schafer, draws around her eyes—not dissimilar to the “expressive, artful lines” the makeup artist James Kaliardos scrawled around lids at Rosie Assoulin, using colored MAC Chromagraphic Pencils, and inspired by Assoulin’s five-year-old daughter’s own scribbles. Sydney Sweeney, the 22-year-old actress who plays Cassie—the conventional hot blonde,

“*Euphoria* makeup” has hit the runways. But what is it about the HBO show’s embrace of Gen Z beauty mores that we can’t get enough of? asks Naomi Fry.

Photographed by Daniel Jackson.

DO

who decorates her entire face with Swarovski crystals for a fantasy ice-skating sequence in the show’s eighth episode—understands the appeal on a personal level. For a recent event, she deployed a *Euphoria*-like dotting of crystals beneath her lower lash line. “I felt like a fierce bitch,” she says, laughing.

One might be forgiven for thinking that the spring beauty looks at Korn’s show—or at Area, where designers Beckett Fogg and Piotrek Panszczyk used crystals and pearls instead of pigments and powders, or perhaps most notably at Marc Jacobs, where Pat McGrath put on a master class in vivid creativity, sweeping purple sequins up to eyebrows and caking gold glitter onto cheeks in lieu of blush—were *Euphoria*-esque. But acute observers of the annals of runway beauty—once the major source of inspiration for those daring to glue star-shaped sequins beneath a free-form curve of white eyeliner, a design concept McGrath described backstage at Anna Sui as “fresh and naive”—will notice that “*Euphoria* makeup” isn’t all that new a phenomenon. “In a way, this is what I’ve done my whole career,” says McGrath, the legendary makeup artist who notes that fashion and beauty “always reflect the culture at large.” (McGrath has heard of the show, she tells me, but “hasn’t had a moment to sit down and watch it.”) It’s just that now, our ever-shifting culture is holding up the mirror. The vulnerable, damaged characters on *Euphoria* feel familiar and recognizably human—even relatable, in a way that serves as a kind of invitation. You, too, can dare to experiment, they seem to say—if not with mind-bending chemicals, then at least with some cosmetics.

I didn’t even bother to scrub off the green eye shadow after the bat mitzvah fashion show ended. I emerged onto Chrystie Street on the Lower East Side on a Saturday afternoon with neon lids that would have made Jules or Maddy proud. I felt young, carefree, a little bit reckless. What’s next, I thought to myself—snorting pharmaceuticals at an all-night rave? That I was actually heading to the grocery store to stock up on school-lunch supplies for the week before sitting down to meet this deadline is a completely inconsequential part of the narrative. □

EXPERIMENTAL PHASE

Model Caroline Trentini takes a page out of the Gen Z style guide in a crystal-encrusted eye by makeup artist Pat McGrath for Pat McGrath Labs and a Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello dress. Hair, Jimmy Paul. Details, see In This Issue. Fashion Editor: Jorden Bickham.



STRIPE TEASE

Making like a style-savvy mime, model Winniy lets a boldly banded **Loewe** backpack (\$1,600; Loewe, Miami) do all the talking. **Bottega Veneta** earrings.

Fashion Editor:
Alex Harrington.

Bag of Tricks

Sisters Adut and Winniy Akech make kinetic art by accessorizing long, slim silhouettes with a bevy of backpacks fit to wear here, there, and everywhere. Photographed by Erwin Wurm.



HEADS ABOVE THE REST

Busy with packable pockets, a color-blocked backpack from **Palm Angels** (palmangels.com) treads the line between utterly practical and perfectly absurd. Model Adut Akech does much the same in a **Proenza Schouler** coat, \$2,490; Proenza Schouler, NYC.



**STOP IN THE
NAME OF LOVE**

The mini-bag is back—and here to stay. **Miu Miu** red leather backpack, \$1,790; miumiu.com.

Longchamp green nylon backpack, \$140; longchamp.com.

Chanel navy leather backpack, \$4,100; select **Chanel** stores.

Senreve yellow leather convertible bag, \$775; senreve.com. **Jil Sander** dress, \$1,180; Barneys New York, NYC.

Celine by Hedi Slimane earrings. **Bottega Veneta** slides.



SISTER ACT

While Adut plays with the contrast of her close-fitting N°21 by Alessandro Dell'Acqua dress (\$1,377; numeroventuno.com) paired with wide-leg Akris trousers (\$995; akris.com), Winni's Prada frock (\$2,680; select Prada stores) counters menswear-inspired shirtsleeves with a prairie-style pleated bodice. On both: Proenza Schouler flats.

FREE FORM

CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: **Balenciaga** knit pants (worn as a sweater); \$1,290; Balenciaga, NYC. **Akris** skirt, \$995; Akris stores. **Prada** pink coat, \$2,130; select Prada stores. **Bottega Veneta** white sandals. **Marina Moscone** skirt, \$690; marinamoscone.com. **Bottega Veneta** blue sandals. Adut and Winni share a **Balenciaga** sweater, \$1,690; Balenciaga, NYC. Both wear **Falke** leggings, \$35; Bloomingdale's stores.





STEADY AS SHE GOES

Adut makes a point of putting her best foot forward in a **Prada** backpack, \$1,220; prada.com. **Kwaidan Editions** shirt, \$704; ssense.com. **The Row** skirt, \$2,320; therow.com. **Alexander McQueen** sneaker.



**CUT FROM THE
SAME CLOTH**

Since you asked,
well, yes—the
siblings are close.
Adut and Winnie
wear a ribbed
Lacoste sweater;
lacoste.com.
The Row flats.



MIND OVER MATTER

For her latest resort collection, Miuccia Prada blocked out the din and drama of contemporary life, creating pieces of sober simplicity. **Prada** sleeveless dress (\$780) and top (\$980; both at select Prada stores). **Louis Vuitton** backpack, \$2,840; louisvuitton.com. **Fendi** pants, \$1,190; fendi.com.



TOP BANANA

The muted palette of a soft-yet-structured **Jil Sander** jacket (\$1,650; jilsander.com) and **Loro Piana** pants (\$1,975; loropiana.com) meet a bolt of summery brightness shaped as a **Gucci** duffel backpack (\$2,100; gucci.com).



THE THINGS SHE CARRIED

Clockwise from top: bags from **Louis Vuitton** (\$3,000; louisvuitton.com), **Hermès** (brown shoulder bag; select **Hermès stores**), **MM6 Maison Margiela** (red pouch, \$352; maisonmargiela.com), **Tory Burch** (yellow backpack, \$278; toryburch.com), **Gucci** (multicolor bag, \$3,200; gucci.com), **Tory Burch** (blue backpack, \$278; toryburch.com), **Longchamp** (purple backpack, \$140; longchamp.com), **Bally** (red backpack, \$1,695; bally.com), **Prada** (orange backpack, \$1,220; prada.com), **Givenchy Atelier** (white mini backpack, \$1,890; Givenchy, NYC), and **Prada** (blue backpack, \$1,220; prada.com). In this story: hair, Ramona Eschbach; makeup, Grace Ahn. Details, see In This Issue.

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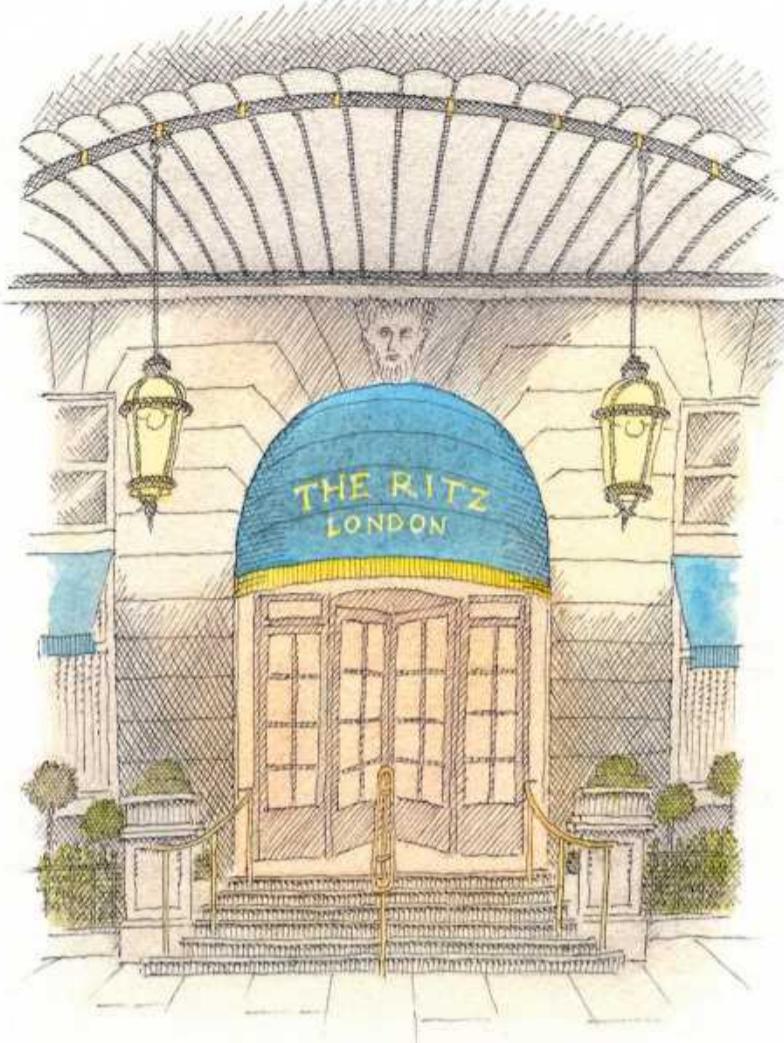
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Uncommon Objects

A Gucci guitar case? A skateboard from Chanel? This holiday season's most fabulous (and functional!) gifts hail from delightfully unexpected places.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATT MARTIN



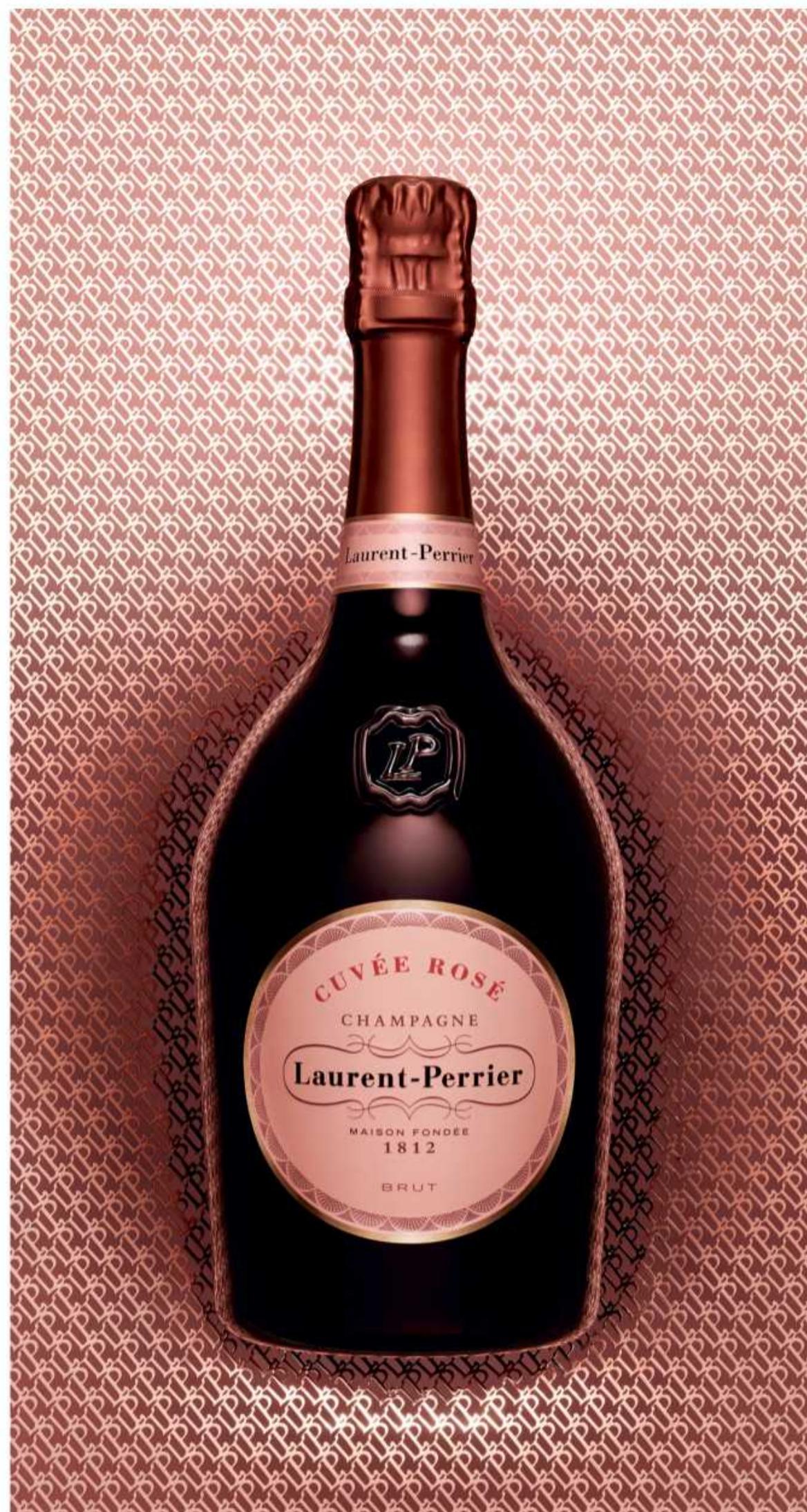
The Ritz London



INDEPENDENT FAMILY-OWNED HOUSE

Laurent-Perrier

Cuvée Rosé, chosen by the best.



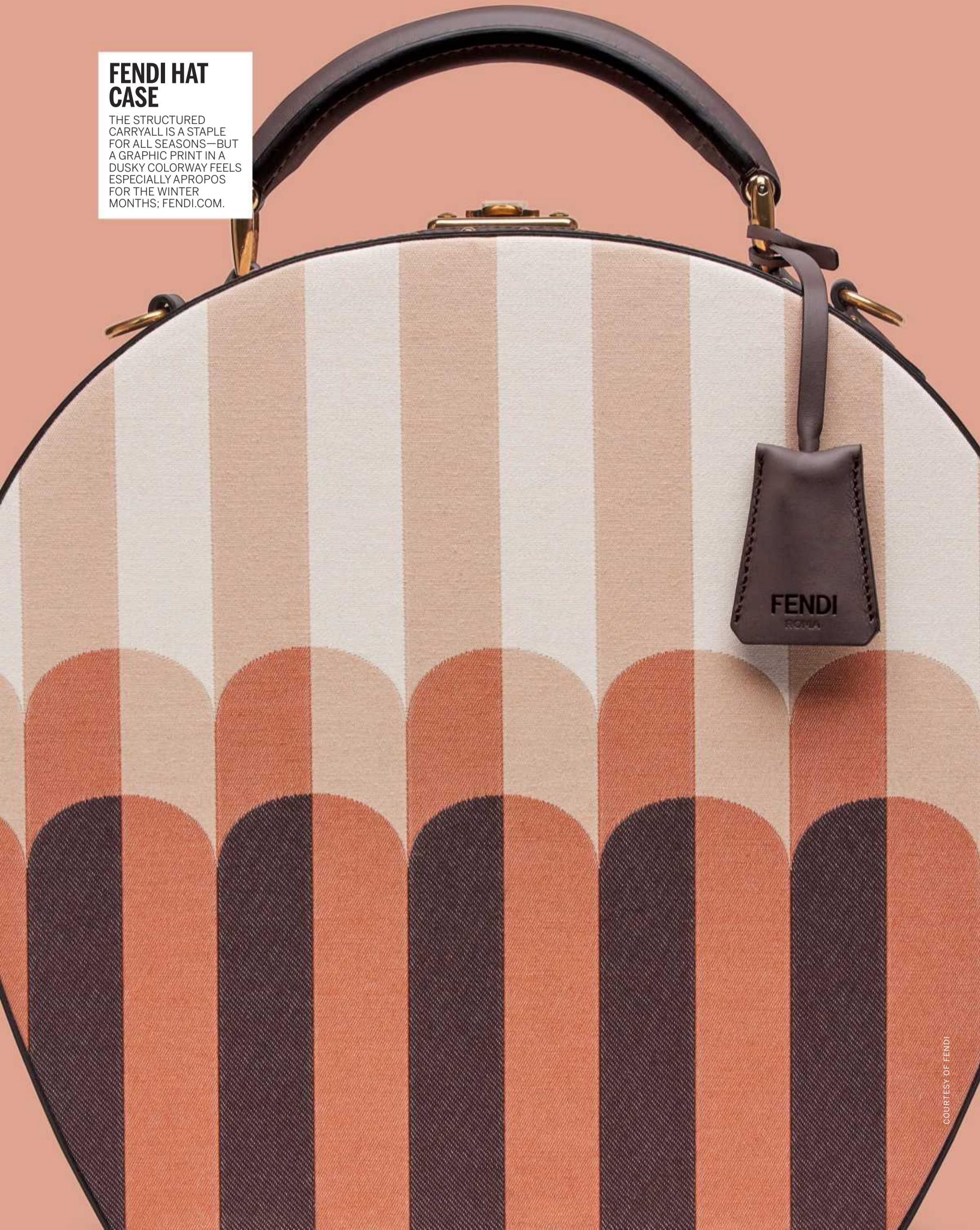
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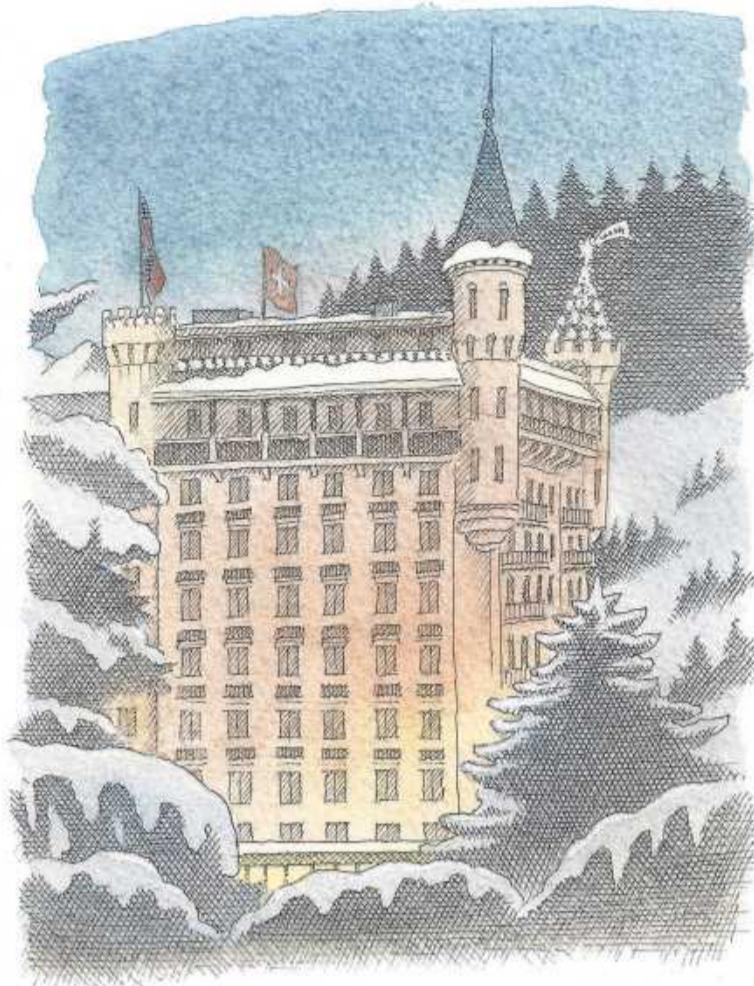
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FENDI HAT CASE

THE STRUCTURED CARRYALL IS A STAPLE FOR ALL SEASONS—BUT A GRAPHIC PRINT IN A DUSKY COLORWAY FEELS ESPECIALLY APROPOS FOR THE WINTER MONTHS; FENDI.COM.





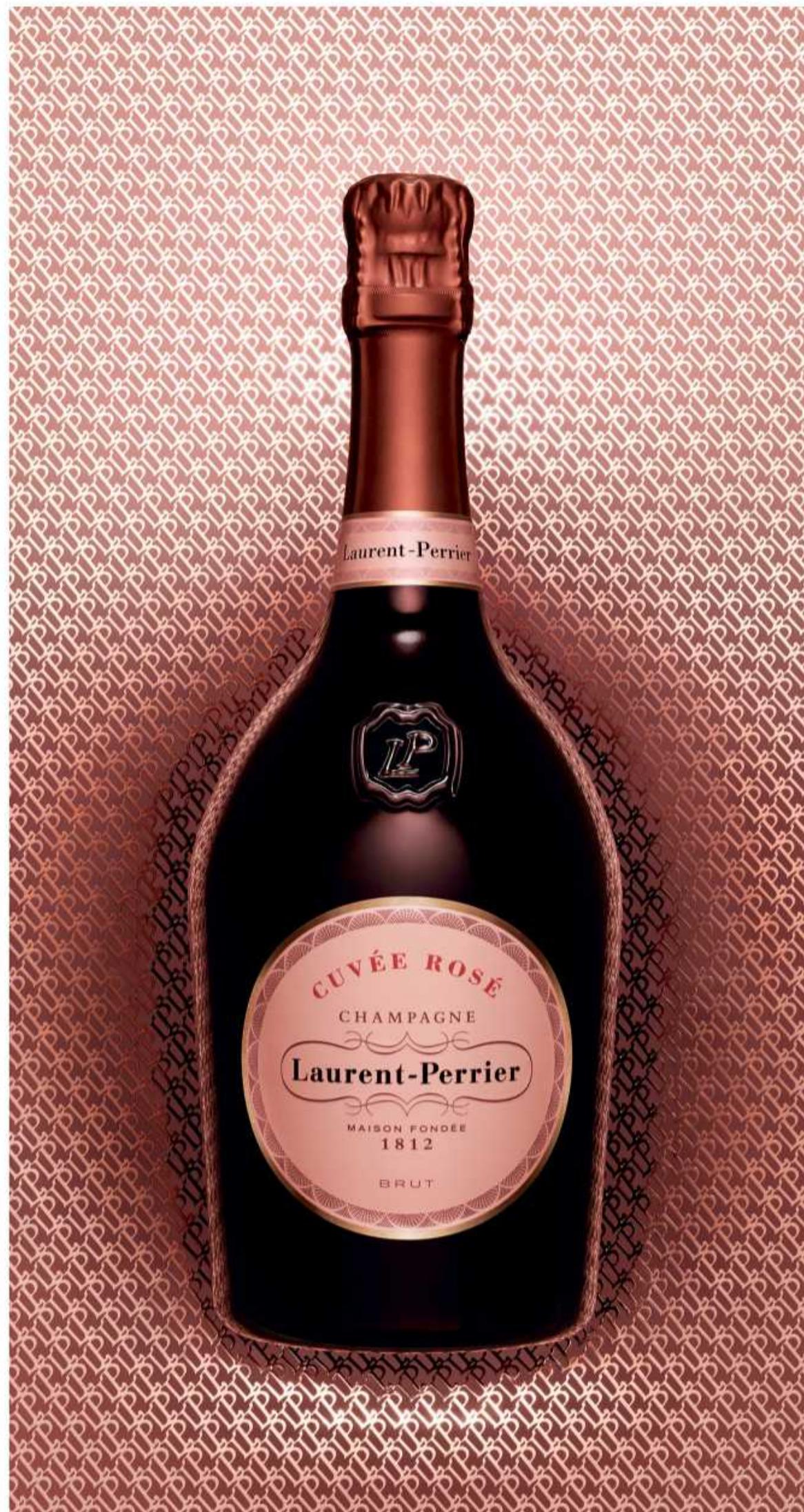
Le Gstaad Palace



INDEPENDENT FAMILY-OWNED HOUSE

Laurent-Perrier

Cuvée Rosé, chosen by the best.



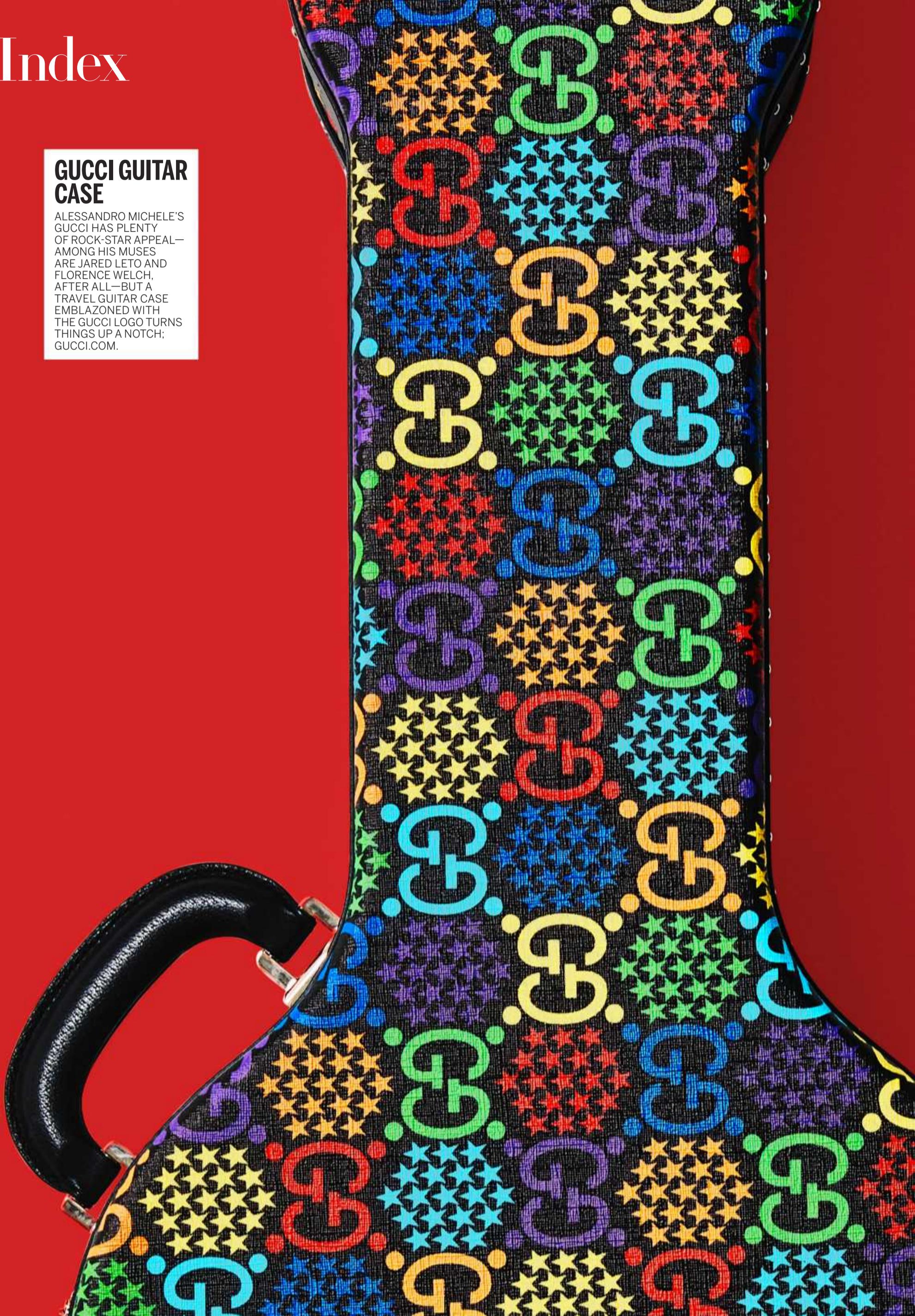
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GUCCI GUITAR CASE

ALESSANDRO MICHELE'S GUCCI HAS PLENTY OF ROCK-STAR APPEAL—AMONG HIS MUSES ARE JARED LETO AND FLORENCE WELCH, AFTER ALL—BUT A TRAVEL GUITAR CASE EMBLAZONED WITH THE GUCCI LOGO TURNS THINGS UP A NOTCH; GUCCI.COM.





VERSACE PLATE

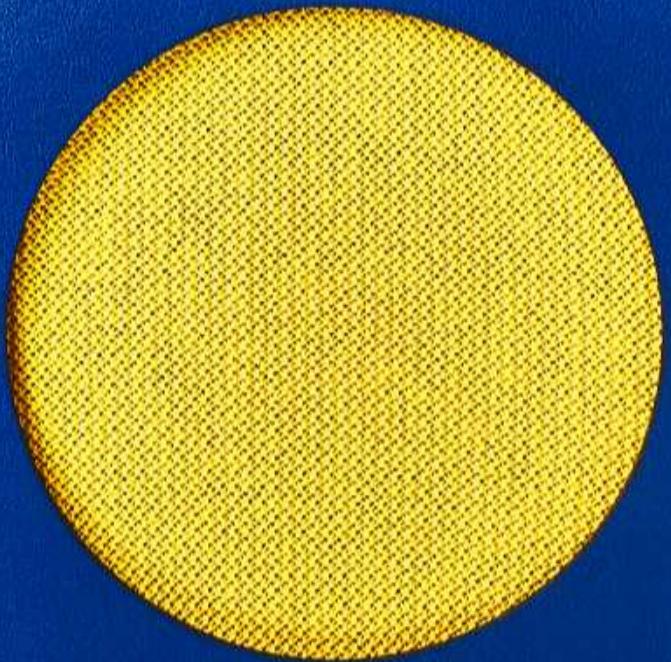
SERVING UP GLEEFULLY DECADENT GLAMOUR HAS NEVER BEEN SO EASY. THIS GRAPHICALLY PATTERNED VERSACE PLATE (\$450; VERSACE.COM) IS VERY NEARLY TOO PRETTY TO HIDE WITH FOOD.

COURTESY OF VERSACE

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A WHOLE NEW STORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

very difficult dances." Six decades on, van Hove and Co. found themselves facing the same daunting task, but after more than a year of auditions they assembled a gorgeous and diverse cast bursting with the carefree exuberance of talent coming into its own. For the show's star-crossed lovers from opposite sides of the ethnic divide, van Hove has tapped Isaac Powell as the Polish-American Tony and Shereen Pimentel as the Puerto Rican Maria.

The son of an African American and Native American father and, Powell says, an "über-Caucasian" mother, the broodingly handsome, 24-year-old actor, who grew up in Greensboro, North Carolina, is lanky and boyish-looking and, despite possessing the physique of a former athlete, hasn't quite lost the gangliness of adolescence. As he proved in the 2017 revival of *Once on This Island*, he also has a knockout singing voice and an easy romantic charm. Engaged to the actor Wesley Taylor, Powell is part of a generation for whom the idea of a forbidden romance felt like a distant memory. "When marriage equality was announced, I was like, Of course. It seemed like the most natural thing," he says. But he is acutely aware of how

West Side Story's depiction of racial prejudice feels more relevant than ever (such lyrics as "Nobody knows in America/Puerto Rico's in America!" have recently acquired a fresh sting).

At 21, Pimentel comes to *West Side Story* as a senior at Juilliard. Of mixed Puerto Rican and Jamaican ancestry, she grew up in Teaneck, New Jersey, hoping to be a ballerina until, after landing a part in the Broadway chorus of *The Lion King* at age nine, she discovered, she says, "that I could sing a little"—the understatement of the year. Radiantly girlish, with a lush, supple soprano, Pimentel seems an ideal choice to play Maria—though she warns not to expect a two-dimensional operetta maiden. "Maria's a very strong—and strong-willed—person who learns a lot about the world very quickly, and that's what I want to bring to her in this production," she says. "Look at Juliet—she wasn't just an ingenue."

If Pimentel is anxious about doing justice to an iconic role on Broadway, imagine how De Keersmaeker feels. With their snapping fingers, athletic leaps, and cocky struts always on the verge of sliding into a series of chassés or erupting into violence—not to mention their unmatched gift for telling story through motion—Jerome Robbins's dances have always been as integral a

part of the show as the songs and the script. (The New York City Ballet's Justin Peck faced a similar challenge as the choreographer of Steven Spielberg's more conventional film remake, with a screenplay by Tony Kushner, which opens at the end of next year.) Though De Keersmaeker, who has made a name for herself as a wide-ranging choreographer of everything from abstract works (*Rosas danst Rosas*) to opera (*Così fan tutte*), is primarily known for her rigorously formal style, she insists that "in my nature, in my very DNA, I'm a very emotional person—even, I might say, a shameless romantic." And if she's in awe of the man whose shoes she's filling, that's just part of being an artist. "Someone said to me, 'Jerome Robbins was God,'" she recalls. "Yeah. But there comes a point where you just have to trust there is space—and there is need—for a different choreographic answer to that music and to that story. Now I must figure out what that is." □

THE RUN OF THE PLACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

Sitting on chairs with white linen covers printed with a large red *B*, and watched over by portraits of past duchesses in Elizabethan ruffle necks and dukes in armor, we consume a light lunch of cheese soufflé, leaves, and

In This Issue

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Printed raffia dress, \$5,490; modaoperandi.com. Long-sleeved T-shirt, \$80; goldietees.com. Slides, \$390; Marni stores. Tailor: Nafisa Tosh.

Cover look: 56: Dress, price upon request; Saint Laurent, NYC. Ring, \$390; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Cuff bracelet, \$11,640; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Manicurist: Jin Soon. Tailor: Christy Rilling Studio.

V Life: 88: Sweater, \$345; margarethowell.co.uk. Jeans, \$220; albam clothing. Tailor, Della George. **110:** On Sun: Coat (\$4,850) and hat (\$790); select Tom Ford stores. On Nicholas: Jacket (\$2,950), pants (\$1,990), and hat (\$790);

select Tom Ford stores. Manicurist: Megumi Yamamoto. Tailor: Christy Rilling Studio. **132:** Dress, price upon request; similar styles at matchesfashion.com. Manicurist, Emi Kudo.

SAY ANYTHING

137: Jacket and pants, priced upon request; Alexander McQueen, NYC. Ring, \$24,000; alvr.com. **138–139:** Jacket (\$1,995) and dress (\$1,995); christopherkane.com. Bracelet, \$45,000; alvr.com. Tote, \$748; select Ralph Lauren stores. **141:** Jacket, dress, and shoes, priced upon request; Alexander McQueen, NYC. Earrings, \$18,500; alvr.com. **142–143:** Top (\$790),

skirt (\$2,635), denim pants (\$295), and boots (\$960); Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. **146–147:** Dress, \$12,000; Balenciaga, Beverly Hills. Cartier Panthère de Cartier High Jewelry ring, price upon request; select Cartier stores. **149:** Dress, \$15,000; (212) 832-3905. Ring, price upon request; alvr.com. In this story: Manicurist: Jin Soon. Tailor: Christy Rilling Studio.

FAMILY MATTERS

150–151: On Bria: Dress, price upon request; miu miu.com. Miu Miu socks, price upon request; miumiu.com. Earring, \$1,650 for pair; larkspur andhawk.com. Belt, price upon request; paco rabanne.com. On Scott: Dress, price upon request; miumiu.com. Miu Miu socks, price upon request; miumiu.com. Earring, \$1,950 for mismatched pair; larkspur andhawk

.com. Belt, \$550; fwd.com. **152–153:** On Patitz: Dress, \$8,500. Earring, \$68,000 for pair; alvr.com. **154:** On Warsame: Dress, price upon request. Earring, \$1,250 for pair; kentshire.com. Choker (\$1,990) and flower necklace (\$1,690); Alexander McQueen, NYC. On Hamza: Jacket, \$2,585; gucci.com. Hoodie, \$60; champion.com. **155:**

On Christensen: Simon Teakle earrings, \$2,500; simon teakle.com. On Mingus: Jacket (\$3,400) and pants (\$1,100); Celine, NYC. Shirt, \$1,150; Alexander McQueen, NYC. Falke socks, \$28; mrporter.com. Sneakers, \$85; converse.com. **156–157:** Dress, \$29,000. Turner & Tatler by Cindy Chaplin brooches, \$5,500 each; turner and tatler.com. On Mia: Blu Pony Vintage dress, \$70; everaftershop.com. **158–159:** Minidress,

\$22,000. On Prosper: What Goes Around Comes Around vintage T-shirt, \$550; What Goes Around Comes Around, NYC.

160–161: On Paloma: Knit dress, \$5,740. On Ama: Dress, \$6,825. Necklace, \$1,950; larkspur and hawk.com. On Sage: Converse sneakers, \$75; converse.com. In this story: Tailor, Hailey Desjardins.

SHOW OF HAND

164: On Imaan: Sandals, \$390; Marni stores. On Aicha: Sandals, \$390; Marni stores. **166:** Cape, \$5,450. **167:** Dress, price upon request. **168–169:** On Imaan: Dress, price upon request. On both: Sandals, \$750; Alexander McQueen, NYC. In this story: Tailor: Nafisa Tosh.

A WHOLE NEW STORY

170–171: On Pimentel: Dress, \$218;

elderflower sorbet in the small dining room. Georgia then meets her gardeners, Marie Wilcox and Karen Sumision, in the Warm Conservatory, one of two 18th-century buildings that flank the east front of the house. (The other one is the Cold Conservatory, and both have heavenly pale-pink Millfield Gem pelargoniums climbing the walls.)

Inside, Georgia and her gardeners do a tally of flowers needed for the weekend. They calculate that 15 pots of lily of the valley are required for the bedrooms. The many urns throughout the house should be filled with geraniums. All of this has to be done by Thursday afternoon, but, says Marie, the size of the task doesn't intimidate them: "We have a system. We don't even talk about it."

With that, the gardeners disappear, and Georgia leads me out to the East Front, created in 1984 by the iconic garden designer Russell Page. Formal box-hedge parterres lead on to clipped yew hedges, which frame a dramatic vista to the Park. En route to the Walled Garden, we stop by the fabulous round swimming pool with its soaring fountain, wander along Church Walk, which is still a sea of late-spring tulips, and briefly stroll around the shell garden designed by Harry's stepmother, Miranda, Duchess of Beaufort, and

the rose garden, created with the help of designer François Goffinet in 1990.

When we reach the Walled Garden, a redbrick enclosure that dates from the 1690s, the first thing I notice is the barking of the hounds, who live on the other side of the wall in the kennels. While Georgia inspects the cutting beds, vegetable plots, and glass house with gardener Dale Witchard, she scribbles more to-dos in her notebook. There are still pictures to be hung, toweling bathrobes to distribute, menus to be reviewed, and, says Georgia, "the water's gone brown. Not to mention the enormous crack in the ceiling of the North Hall. Harry's father said he would leave that one for his son!" And then there are Georgia's other commitments: She has managed to adapt a play and write a TV pilot, was on the board of a BAFTA committee supporting underrepresented groups in the film industry, and is about to run a half marathon for charity. Ever the multitasker, she taps out a text to the housekeeper as we chat: "Dear Viv, just to let you know that because I was doing a tour of every room with Plum I put new soaps in so they're all done for the weekend." A second later Georgia's phone pings with a message from Viv: "Thank you Your Grace. You're hired. Lol." □

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m. Percent Paid (Both Print & Electronic Copies)	67.41%	72.14%

7. I certify that all information furnished on this form is true and complete. (Signed) David Geithner, Vice President and Treasurer

thereformation.com. On Powell: Leather jacket, \$585; allsaints.com. Save Khaki United shirt, \$148; savekhaki.com. Jeans, apc-us.com. In this story: Tailor: Christy Rilling Studio.

THE RUN OF THE PLACE

176: Dress, price upon request; select Valentino stores. **178-179:** On Romy: Blouse (\$632) and skirt (\$632); annamasonlondon.com. On Bella: Dress

(\$3,850) and boots (price upon request); erdem.com. On Ella: Top (\$540), skirt (price upon request), and shoes (price upon request); erdem.com. On Rose: Dress, \$3,520; erdem.com. On Hope: Dress, \$1,470; net-a-porter.com.

YOUTH DO

180: Dress, \$5,490; Saint Laurent, NYC. In this story: Manicurist: Rica Romain. Tailor: Christy Rilling Studio.

BAG OF TRICKS

182: Smaller hoop earring (\$480 per pair) and larger hoop earring (\$580 per pair); bottegaveneta.com. **183:** Backpack, price upon request. Coat; similar styles at Proenza Schouler, NYC. Bottega Veneta gold earring, \$580; bottegaveneta.com. Celine by Hedi Slimane circular hoop earring, \$760; celine.com. **184:** Slides, \$1,220; bottegaveneta.com. **185:** On Adut: Flats, \$690; Proenza Schouler, NYC. On Winni: Flats, \$690; Proenza

Schouler, NYC. Bottega Veneta smaller hoop earring (\$480 per pair) and larger hoop earring (\$580 per pair); bottegaveneta.com. **186:** Bottega Veneta white sandals, \$860; bottegaveneta.com. Bottega Veneta blue sandals, \$1,270; bottegaveneta.com. **187:** Sneaker, \$650; Alexander McQueen, NYC. **188:** Sweater, price upon request. On both: The Row flats, \$790 each pair; Barneys New York, NYC. **191:**

Hermès backpack, \$8,600. In this story: Manicurist, Annarel Innocente Furina.

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194: Hat case, price upon request. **196:** Travel guitar case, \$8,900. **198:** Record player, \$33,600. **200:** Water bottle (\$5,000) and skateboard (\$7,700).

LAST LOOK

204: Bag; Valentino stores.

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Last Look



Valentino bag, \$2,795

It's not often that a mere bag evokes the divine—its construction so perfectly simple, its Vitello calf-leather outer tanned in such pure white that it appears born in the heavens rather than man-made in the Italian workshops of Valentino. (The ostrich-feather strap is, of course, the grace note.)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER LANGER

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